Graphic

VOL. XXVIII. Los Angeles, Cal., Dec. 28, 1907. No. 4

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PRICE 10 CENTS

The Hobbies They Ride—XIII

PHYSICAL RIGHTNESS—GEORGE L. LESLIE

"At least one-third of all the pupils in the public schools are more or less physically or mentally defective, and in any group of backward pupils at least 90 per cent will be found to be developmentally defective."

This is the somewhat astounding statement of George L. Leslie, the director of the Health and Development Department of the Los Angeles Schools.

It requires no spur at all to start Dr. Leslie off on his hobby, which he likes to call by the name of "Physical Rightness." He doesn't like to call it Health, for to most people that means merely that one hasn't the measles, or smallpox, or the bubonic plague. He doesn't like to refer to it as Medical Inspection, for to most people the word medical means a pill. But Physical Rightness is a name at which none can cavil, and none can shy.

Dr. Leslie's statement as to the percentage of defective children in the public schools is based upon the examination of nearly one hundred thousand pupils in the New York schools, and of more than one thousand here in Los Angeles. At that rate it means that of the 40,000 school children in Los Angeles, at least 13,000 are in some degree physically or mentally defective.

It is high time, therefore, that Dr. Leslie should mount his hobby and gallop about this city and as far as he will, sounding the alarm; for upon the physical rightness of the child depends the proper development, both physical and mental, of the man.

"Yes, in a sense we are degenerate. Twenty-five or thirty years ago, when the farm played the most important part in our national life, we were a race of clod-hoppers. We were defective then as now, but in a directly opposite way. Then it was all a matter of brawn, a development of the physical out of proportion to the mental. Then the pendulum began to swing the other way, and in the mad hunger for mental development, we have sacrificed the physical.

"We have become house-dwellers. And in our houses little attention is paid to hygienic conditions, and the schools are worse. A child may start in life somewhere near physical rightness, but it is a wonder if he maintains it through a course in our public schools. For in spite of much in the system that is the highest excellence, nevertheless there are conditions that **manufacture** more or less defective development.

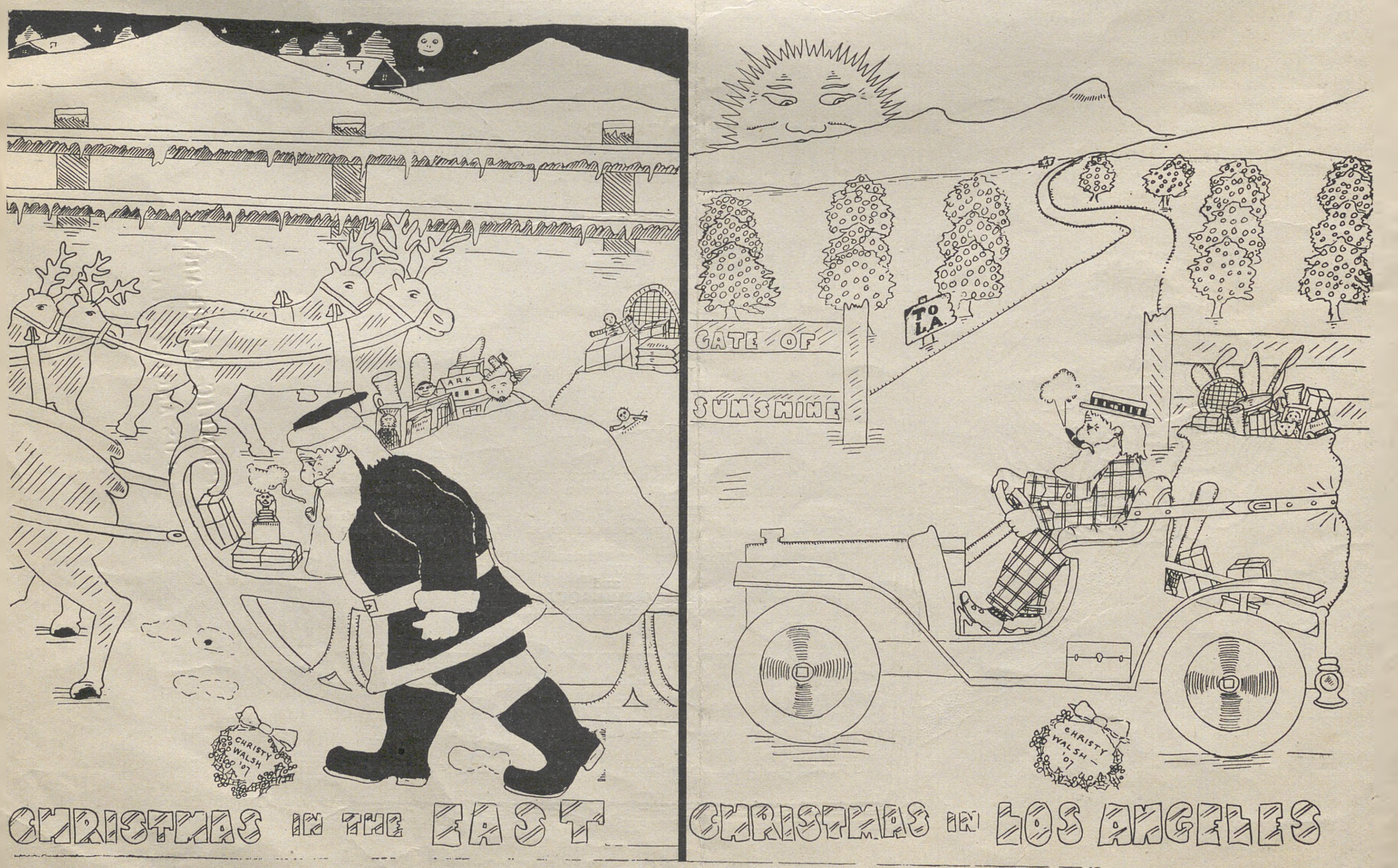
"The lighting, better than it used to be, is not all that it should be for the different kinds of work the children must do, and here is one cause of defective eyesight. This is the most common defect, 61% of all the children in Los Angeles so far examined having defective eyesight.

"Uniform desks are another error, which, until very recently, there has been no attempt to correct. Why, you might as well try to put all the boys in a room into one size of pants as to seat them all at desks of the same size. And the desks should be adjustable in two ways, with regard to the work to be done as well as to the size of the child.

"These are but a sample of the unhygienic conditions that prevail in the school-room, and these errors lead on to the greater errors of classifying children according to their age in years, rather than their physiological age, the rate of development, the individual capacity, mental aptitude, and symmetry of development.

"But we must walk before we can run, and the work of our Child Study Laboratory is the first step. For a year and a half we have been making special examinations of children who are reported by their teachers as sluggish, nervous, inattentive, backward, or subject to fatigue without apparent cause. Before that time the teachers were expected to make tests of a sort of the pupils' eyesight and hearing, and many of them have been conscientious in their efforts. But this matter is too big for a teacher to handle,

(Continued on page 5)



Christmas in the East and in Los Angeles. The First of a Series of Drawings by Bright Los Angeles Lads and Lasses.—By Christy Walsh.

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Matters of Moment

A Matter of Principle.

"Mr. Hearst as an Employer" is the title of a panegyric published in the "Overland Monthly," by "One of his Employés." The "Graphic" has no quarrel with much of the contents of the article, particularly with the acknowledgment that Mr. Hearst is distinguished among publishers, for the liberality with which he treats his employés. But the following statement will be read by Angelenos with either amazement or amusement: "Within a year after he had established the 'Los Angeles Examiner,' which most of all cities in the United States was opposed to the fundamental rights of working men, or, consequently any other men to organize into unions, he had made a success and **won the principle for which he fought.**" It would have been almost impossible to crowd more glaring misstatements into a single sentence. Mr. Hearst's local paper has been in existence for over three years, and today Los Angeles enjoys even greater industrial freedom than when Mr. Hearst first responded to the overtures of local and national Labor Union leaders and established the "Examiner" with the avowed intention of "unionizing" labor in Los Angeles. So signally, indeed, has Mr. Hearst's paper failed in this regard; and so cautious and timid has been his newspaper in dealing with labor questions and the few toy strikes that have occurred here in the past few years, that on a number of occasions those very unions which went on their bended knees to Mr. Hearst beseeching his aid and comfort have denounced him and his newspaper in unmeasured terms. Instead of "winning the principle" (save the mark!) "for which he fought," he speedily discovered that Los Angeles was the most hopeless field in the country for industrial trouble-breeders, and that if the "Examiner" was to succeed financially he must abandon or at least conceal "the principle for which he fought."

Incidentally, Los Angeles has never been "opposed to the fundamental rights of working men." On the contrary, this city has become famous for the fact that "the fundamental rights of working men"—their individual liberty—are more jealously and successfully guarded and maintained here than in any other city of the United States. Work is denied to no man in Los Angeles, because he does not choose to subscribe to the arbitrary dictation of a labor union. There are labor unions here, but their leaders, their walking delegates and specially imported agitators, have learned long ago that it is futile to attempt to establish a reign of industrial tyranny in Los Angeles. Such success as Mr. Hearst has attained in this field is due to the fact that he and his lieutenants have been prudent enough to recognize the unalterable conclusion of the vast majority of the citizens of Los Angeles that the peace, happiness and prosperity of this or any other community depend on the establishment and preservation of "the fundamental rights of working men" and all other men—their God-given individual liberty.

Suppose Mr. Hearst and the "Examiner" had succeeded in their avowed object to deliver the industries of this city into the control of walking delegates and trouble breeders. Suppose that the "Examiner" had been able to pull down the standard of industrial freedom planted so firmly here, largely due to the stern, bitter and relentless fight made by its contemporary, the "Times." Incidentally we may say that in the past we have criticized the bitterness with which General Otis has waged this war, believing that frequently he and his paper went out of their way to wave "a red flag at a bull." But during the past year, having had opportunity to observe the workings of triumphant labor unionism at very close quarters, we have revised that opinion. There is an old adage about "fighting the devil with fire." It is folly to advance with the white flag of truce upon an enemy that fires upon the messengers. As long as labor unions refuse the responsibility of incorporation and frequently violate their solemn contracts, what is the use of compromise and policies of conciliation?

"Labor unions are here to stay; they cannot be crushed out," their protagonists affirm. Which is probably true. But as long as organized employees insist on regarding themselves as the natural enemy of employers, the challenge, however wrong and unworthy, must be accepted. And in such struggles it is folly to remain on the defensive. We confess we no longer can criticize General Otis and the "Times" for carrying the war into the enemy's camp. If the tactics of the "Times" and the Merchants and Manufacturers' Association of Los Angeles had been merely defensive instead of offensive, Mr. Hearst and his "Examiner" might actually have "won the principle for which they fought."

We do not have to look very far for "horrible examples" of the result of the reign of Hearst "principles." In California today "the tale of two cities" can be read easily by anyone with eyes to see. San Francisco today is the most completely union-ridden and walking-delegate enslaved city in the United States; Los Angeles is the most completely free labor city in the country. The most recent example of labor union tyranny in San Francisco occurred only last Saturday. Its particulars are sufficiently instructive. Briefly, the facts are as follows: Four hundred men employed on the Mills building were ordered by P. H. McCarthy to leave their jobs, with which they were thoroughly satisfied, because of a miserably petty squabble between the labor unions. The squabble involved a matter of $40, and tied up $500,000 worth of work! It appears that at a recent meeting of the Building Trades Council, of which P. H. McCarthy is the absolute autocrat and dictator, a resolution was passed declaring that the running of pipe lines in connection with the installation of elevators should be done by the Plumbers, Gas and Steamfitters' Union, instead of by the Elevator Constructors' Union, as has been the practice in the past. The steamfitters are affiliated with the Building Trades Council and with their international organization, while the elevator workers are affiliated with the American Federa-

tion of Labor. McCarthy contended that the architect should prevent the elevator workers from running the pipe lines. The architect replied that, since this was simply a difference between two unions, obviously he had no discretion in the matter and could not interfere. He referred McCarthy to the contractors. Without confering with the contractors, and apparently for no other reason than that the boss thought it was about time to give San Francisco another example of his power, McCarthy sent his agent to call every man off work on the building. Only three men were engaged in running the pipe lines, and their work would have amounted to $40. Four hundred men were called out, and the whole work, amounting to $500,000, was stopped. The men themselves protested bitterly. When McCarthy's agent appeared at the building, he and his order were received with howls of derision and anger. Ninety per cent of them were in favor of disregarding the order and remaining at work. But the agent of the building, too fearful of McCarthy's power, did not give them the word.

It is inconceivable that such an incident could occur in this city of industrial freedom. But whom have we to thank? Suppose Mr. Hearst and "the principle for which he fought" had won in Los Angeles?

Banks, Bankers and Clearing Houses.

While Los Angeles has every reason to be congratulated on the character of its bankers and the security of its banks, exposures elsewhere of the reckless greed and dishonesty of custodians of other people's money have generated a vast amount of diffidence which it will be no easy matter for bankers to overcome. Conservative bankers themselves are the leaders in proposing additional safeguards against avenues of frenzied finance, and in imposing greater responsibilities upon bankers.

Personal character and a reputation for conservatism form a very considerable asset for a banker, and in the future such recommendations, doubtless, will be valued still more highly by the careful depositors. In the past few years, during the uninterrupted flow of prosperity and the prevalent craze "to get rich quick," banks holding out the greatest inducement have been pre-eminent in public favor. The fact that the California Safe Deposit and Trust Co. of San Francisco had on its books no less than 12,500 depositors, and that among its stockholders were some of the shrewdest and most substantial citizens, demonstrates with what comparative ease a banking buccaneer can, in times of affluence and prosperity, attract patrons and command the confidence of clients. After such lessons the average depositor will be inclined to steer clear of institutions managed by Napoleons of Finance, and to put his trust and his money in banks whose officers are bankers only, and find sufficient work, care and responsibility in monopolizing their energies upon the institutions over which they preside.

It is somewhat astonishing to read an interview in a local daily newspaper in which the president of a savings bank evidently regards himself as rara avis, because his interests are confined solely to his bank. Is he an exception to the rule because he has no interests or ambitions beyond his bank, and finds his salary sufficient for all his needs and desires? It may be that in the future bankers will be found advertising such facts with a view of enlisting public confidence. For instance: "The President of the Fraternity Bank receives a salary of $10,000 a year; his personal expenditures are less than $7500. He devotes his energies exclusively to the management of this bank. Is neither director nor stockholder in any other institution."

While such restrictions, if generally demanded and enforced, would tend to limit individual energy and enterprise on the part of bankers, they would doubtless do much to remove the fears of diffident depositors. We might witness a return to the standard of our fathers by which a banker was esteemed not by the personal fortune he could accumulate, or the variety of the enterprises with which he was connected, but by his reputation as an eminently safe, sound, substantial and conservative citizen, on whom widows and orphans might rely with implicit confidence.

More practical and broader safeguards than any restriction upon the energies of the individual banker will doubtless be devised to restore the confidence of timid depositors. Among the many remedies mooted none seems of more practical value than that suggested by Mr. W. J. Washburn, himself an eminently sound and conservative banker. "The Graphic" previously has urged that a bank's membership in a clearing house association might well be made compulsory, and that one of the soundest safeguards in banking is to be found in the mutual responsibility that such membership entails. Mr. Washburn proposes a chain of clearing houses which should extend to the national government itself. The local clearing house would be linked to a state or district clearing house, and the latter would be connected with a national clearing house. "The supervision of the different clearing houses over their own members," says Mr. Washburn, "would be stringent enough by reason of self-interest, to make for safety."

Moreover—and this apparently was Mr. Washburn's inspiration in formulating such a plan—such "an endless chain," as it were, of clearing houses could effectually prevent general financial stringency and forestall panic. In times of emergency, a local clearing house would apply through the state clearing house to the national clearing house for an issue of emergency currency, depositing such securities as are demanded by the Federal government. The local clearing house would be responsible for each of its members; the state clearing house would guarantee the issue to the national clearing house, and the national clearing house would guarantee the government.

If a new system could be generated, such as Mr. Washburn suggests, by which not only would there be a continuity of responsibility among banks, ending only with the national government itself, but by which an elastic currency could be safely formulated, the great banking problem which is absorbing the attention of both bankers and depositors would be nearing solution.

Campaign Against Moore.

By the time that this issue of the "Graphic" is in print the ministerial campaign against Dr. E. C. Moore, the superintendent of Schools, will probably have dwindled to a reminiscence. The discussion has revealed the fact that Protestant ministers generally have united in censuring Dr. Moore for preventing references in the public schools to Jesus of Nazareth as the Christ. The Catholic clergy has not made its voice felt in the discussion; but the attitude of these men may as well be known and understood. They support Dr. Moore, holding that the public schools, founded by the civil government and maintained at public expense, should not meddle with matters of theology or religion. The position of the Jews, voiced by Rev. S. Hecht, a broad-minded and liberal Jew, is staunchly in opposition to the position of the Protestant ministers. Most people who are not bound by strong ties to some one of the Protestant churches, are equally as firm against any religious teaching or reference in the schools.

While the clerical attack has about frittered out and is gasping from inanition, the "Times" will keep up its battle against Dr. Moore.

Lest there be no mistake we warn and advise every reader of the "Graphic" that from this time forth nothing which the "Times" says about Dr. Moore will be true. From this time the "Times" will deliberately malign him; will deliberately lie about him and the schools. Its campaign is to drive him from the office he holds and to drive him out of town. It will pursue him day and night with relentless energy. He has offended "the General" and for this he must "go." The "Times" is posing as the Defender of the Christian Faith, but it is engaged in a devil's work, a most congenial employment.

Los Angeles is so accustomed to the swinging of "the General's" bludgeon and the crack of his whip, that the "punishment" of Dr. Moore will go on as usual without protest from the onlookers. We have a habit of watching this sort of spectacle with grim toleration if not amusement. We of Los Angeles permitted "the General" to belabor the gentle and able Dr. Dowling until that sensitive soul gladly went to a fine church in Brooklyn, rather than endure the lash.

There are surface indications of the line on which General Otis will pursue his campaign for Christianity—with a blacksnake whip in his hand. Already we read in the "Times" that Dr. E. C. Moore isn't much of a man to hold the position he does; that Dr. Moore has never progressed very far in his profession—is only small fry in any event.

To check this campaign at its inception, the "Graphic" will reveal a bit of inside news about Dr. Moore. Had Dr. Benjamin Ide Wheeler resigned the presidency of the University of California, to accept the presidency of an Eastern technological institution —which was in the air some months ago— Dr. E. C. Moore would, almost to a certainty, have been tendered the presidency of the University of California. Since being in Los Angeles, Dr. Moore has had opportunities to better himself in his profession.

This should end the campaign of be-littlement. But "the General" has falsehoods of other brands in his arsenal. Beware of them, and believe nothing that is published in the "Times" detrimental to the schools or to Dr. Moore.

Southern Californians visiting San Francisco cannot do better than stay at the Hotel Majestic, corner of Sutter and Gough. First-class accommodations and service for first-class people. Gustav Mann, manager, formerly of Los Angeles.

"Petroleum V. Nasby's" Widow

Mrs. David Ross Locke has been in Los Angeles for three weeks, visiting her son.

To how many people in Los Angeles does that mean anything?

Mrs. David Ross Locke is the widow of "Petroleum V. Nasby."

This, no doubt, makes a difference to everybody who was old enough to know what was passing between the years of 1861 and 1865, or who has since made a study of the events of that time.

"Petroleum V. Nasby" is unique among American humorists, in that his work had another purpose than the mere making of a laugh. The Nasby letters, it will be remembered, purported to be written by a man who desired to be postmaster, and this rural candidate dealt recklessly with the absorbing question of the hour—slavery. With keen satire and remorseless logic he riddled the pretensions and follies of slavery and its political sympathizers, and so forcefully did he flay that the obscure little Findlay (Ohio) "Jeffersonian," in which the letters appeared, became widely read and still more widely copied.

Only the other day in her "Back There in '58" Ida Tarbell gave this account of the then little known journalist's first visit to Lincoln, in the words of Billy Brown:

"I recollect how up to Quincy that funny fellow, what do you call him? 'Nasby—Petroleum V. Nasby.' Young chap then. Well, he'd come out there for some paper. Wanted to write Lincoln up. It was in the evening after the debate (the famous debate with Stephen A. Douglas) and Mr. Lincoln was settin' up in his room at the hotel with his boots off and his feet on a chair—lettin' 'em breathe, he said. Had his coat and vest off. Nuthin' on to speak of but his pants and one suspender—settin' there restin' and gassin' with the boys when, as I started to say, Mr. Nasby come up. They had a long talk, and I walked down street with him when he left.

"'That Lincoln of your'n is a great man,' he says after a spell. 'He ain't botherin' about the Senate—not a mite. He's tryin' to make the people of Illinois understand the danger there is in slavery spreadin' all over the country. He's a big man, the biggest man I've seen in a long time.'"

Locke was a young chap then, only twenty-five, but Lincoln found in him something that was the basis of a lasting friendship. It was two years later that the Nasby letters began to appear, and they continued all during the war. That they were something more than jest and satire is evidenced by the fact that Lincoln has been quoted as saying that next to a dispatch announcing a federal victory nothing gave him so much pleasure as a Nasby letter; and Chief Justice Chase's estimate of them was that they were the fourth force in the reduction of the rebellion.

Lincoln's admiration for the young writer led him to offer him a government appointment, an offer afterward repeated by President Grant, but Mr. Locke's ambitions were entirely in the direction of journalistic and literary work, and these offers tempted him not at all.

Just about the close of the war be took charge of the Toledo "Blade," which he made one of the few newspapers of high standard in the country. For some years he also had an interest in the New York "Post," and during that time was a member of the firm of Bates-Locke, newspaper advertising agents, for he had the rare combination of literary gift and business ability.

During his residence in New York he retained his interest in the Toledo "Blade," and after a time he returned there to live. At his death, in 1886, the paper became the property of the one son who inherited his literary taste, and who is today one of the best known dramatic critics in the country. This son accompanied his mother on her recent visit to Los Angeles.

But not a word of all this would one ever learn from the lips of any member of the Locke family. Edmund Locke, who inherited his father's business ability, has lived in Los Angeles for twelve years, and no one but his intimate friends know him as his father's son. Neither he nor his mother or brother can be drawn into conversation that will give them any publicity. So strong is their dis-taste for anything of the sort that it is a dismissable offense for the name of Locke to be published in the Toledo "Blade."

"Our father was just our dad, a good dad who was everything to us," say these sons. And even twenty years after his death there is a tenderness in their voices that makes one feel as if he were probing an unhealed wound to ask questions.

"Yes, he was a friend of Lincoln, but he had nothing to do with the war. He was merely a country newspaper editor, and he wrote the Nasby letters."

And there it ends. Yet it is as delightful as it is unusual to meet members of the family of a man who has achieved the fame that the Nasby letters brought David Ross Locke—for people remember the man if they do not remember his real name—and find them content with the memory of a well-loved father, instead of bloated by the vainglory of his achievements.

The son who lives in Los Angeles hopes that one day his mother may be converted to California and come here to make her home. This would mean that the Toledo "Blade" would pass out of the hands of its owners for more than forty years, for the son now in control of it lives for his mother's pleasure and would accompany her here.

"This is mother's fourth visit," says Edmund Locke, "and she has always gone back. But I am still hoping."

The Hobbies They Ride

(Continued From Page 2)

and Superintendent Foshay conceived the idea of creating a department. Foshay is a broad man, and believes in all-around development of the child, and he was in sympathy with this work in its broadest scope. He believed what eminent medical authorities are preaching, that pupils should be examined not only as to eyes, ears, nose, throat, heart and lungs, but for any other demonstrable or supposed cause that limits or arrests the growth, either physical or mental, in children and youths.

"There is always a loud hurrah against shop and factory conditions, and rightly so, but there are certain conditions in the school and the home that strike no less surely at the root of all possible future development.

"When Superintendent Foshay's duties became too onerous for him to give personal attention to this department, I asked him to let me undertake it, as I am vitally interested in it. At first I was allowed one medical assistant. Now, in addition to one who devotes her entire time to the work, there are two specialists who give a half day each. We do not confine ourselves rigidly to the rather meagre instructions of the board that specify only eyes, ears, nose, throat, heart and lungs. Where we find that a child's dullness is due to adenoid growths, which cause defective hearing and prevent the normal development of the lungs, which means poor respiration and poor oxygenation of the blood—the fuel of the brain; where we find a child's peevishness, fretfulness or lack of endurance are caused by spinal curvature; where we find an ill-developed, pigeon-breasted child handicapped by poor lung capacity; where we find a child whose nervous system is out of order or who is suffering from defective sex functions—whatever the cause of disorder, we make a report of it to the parent. All these things are vitality sappers and energy wasters; and knowing that they exist it would be criminal not to report them merely because they did not come within the letter of our instructions.

"No, indeed. There is no thought of assuming a responsibility that should belong to the parent. It is for the child's sake, and for the sake of the man or woman that is to be. And for the most part, we find the parents ready to assume the responsibility of giving the child the necessary medical treatment. They have not wished to shirk it. They have simply been ignorant. We find the same thing among the rich and the poor—more, perhaps, among the poor, but rather because of their poverty than because of a greater ignorance.

"The school teacher need not blame the parent. The school system is defective. The teachers are less to blame than those higher up, for at best they are but cogs in the wheel of the machine that is called the public school. But the whole idea has been to cram a child full of book knowledge, of getting him through so many pages of so many books in so many years. And what does it all amount to? What good will the learning of all the books do if in the process of acquiring it we are manufacturing a race of neurasthenics?

"The aim of education should be to create power and efficiency and pave the way for future development. And this can not be done by too much study during the growing

years of the life of a boy or girl. During those years growth is the primary and chief essential.

"Before I tell you the remedy, look at this report of the examinations made in the laboratory:

Total number examined	1064	
Defective in eyesight	652	61 %
Defective in hearing	234	22 %
Adenoids	329	31 %
Enlarged tonsils	278	25 %
Functional heart insufficiency	113	10½%
Organic heart disease	29	2½%
Poor lung action and chest development	141	13½%
Unusually nervous	225	20 %
Marked spinal curvature	48	5 %

"Only in exceptional cases and in the presence of parents were sex examinations made, and we do not, therefore, add the figures, as the percentage would not be correct in relation to the whole.

"No matter whether these defective conditions are inherited or acquired, they are, in the aggregate, far more injurious to growth and efficiency than the child labor of the factory and shop. And aside from the marked need of medical aid, the most important fact to be emphasized is the need of shorter school hours and more muscular activity. To this need the large percentage of nervous pupils, pupils with poor circulation and respiration, pupils of lowered vitality—fully 25% of all pupils examined—abundantly testifies.

"I believe there should be but a half day's session—that is, for study. Then let the other half day be devoted to physical exercise, manual work, nature study. The muscle activity gained by these means is absolutely essential to the best brain growth, and is the remedy for nervous instability, a more severe handicap than even eye-strain or adenoids.

"Instead of spectacles and the surgeon's knife, let us depend upon a proper amount of muscle activity and out-of-door life to bring our children to a standard of physical rightness, and they will then be able to accomplish in the half day the same amount, or more, of book work that they now accomplish in a full day's time.

"Los Angeles has taken the lead in this matter on the Pacific Coast. Already the surrounding towns in Southern California are eagerly watching the results of our work, and when throughout the country compulsory care for the pupil's health and development is considered as necessary as compulsory school attendance, the efficiency of the school system will be markedly increased."

By the Way

Cost $1.10.

Yes, indeed, men and brethren, the "Times" (help) gave a Christmas dinner on December 23. The date of the dinner was significant, for each participant said "23" to $1.10, the cost of the feed. The "Times" exultantly explained in the description of the dinner that "The last fiscal year of the "Times" was the most prosperous in its history." Every word of that is true—the "Times" made nearly $500,000 net—and could't afford a jollification. Help!

Mr. Earl Heard From.

The "Graphic" acknowledges the receipt of the following letter from Edwin T. Earl: The "Graphic":—

In your issue of the 21st inst., you make a reference to "special rates" given me by the Southern Pacific in connection with fruit shipments from California. Let me say in reply that, to the best of my knowledge and belief, neither the Southern Pacific nor any of its officials ever gave the Earl Fruit Company, or any other concern with which I was connected, the benefit of any freight rate which the Southern Pacific did not give to all other concerns engaged in similar business. The Southern Pacific officials and the Southern Pacific records will confirm this statement in every respect.

Yours very truly,
(Signed) EDWIN T. EARL.

There is doubtless no greater expert in California concerning the difference between the tweedle-dee and the tweedle-dum of freight rates than our reformed friend, E. T. Earl. For some years in Southern California the Earl Fruit Company enjoyed the bulk of the orange shipping business, in virtue of owning a private car line. Mr. Earl does not deny that the Earl Fruit Company or any other company in which he was interested received rebates. He merely says that he did not get the "benefit of any freight rate which the Southern Pacific did not give to all other concerns engaged in similar business." To show that this is a mere subterfuge, I refer to the "Evening Express" of March 31, 1900. The "Express" of that date reported testimony taken for the Interstate Commerce Commissioners, and A. H. Naftzger of the Southern California Fruit Exchange was on the stand. Mr. Naftzger testified that he obtained the rebates, and "these were paid in cash," and that they came from mileage as well as icing charges. By similar arrangement it was not necessary for Mr. Earl or any company with which he was connected to receive "special rates" from the railroads. Questioned by Chairman Clements, Mr. Naftzger gave details. I still quote the "Express:"

"How were the refrigeration charges fixed?" asked Clements.

"By the car lines," replied Naftzger.

"When did the payment of rebates begin?"

"They were being paid when I first came to know the business."

"When the payment of rebates was in force, what determined whether you were to get 10 or 25 per cent. of the refrigeration charges?"

"That was determined by the bearing-down quality of the men who went after it."

Mr. Earl was a shipper himself. He got his refrigeration at cost, for he controlled the "C.F.X." line. He was in a position to get his fruit east cheaper than anybody else. Mr. Naftzger also gave details of the manner in which these rebates were paid, full information of which will be found in the files of the "Express".

Records and Officials.

Mr. Earl may be safe in referring to Southern Pacific records and officials. The records are probably destroyed, and railroad men of high position possess in marked degree an ability to keep their mouths shut. I doubt, indeed, whether records of such transactions ever existed, for among other things in giving the details of rebates by the "Clover Leaf" road, Mr. Naftzger testified: "The allowances never appeared on our books; **such accounts are not interesting as relics.**" Mr. Earl was every whit as shrewd a fruit shipper as Mr. Naftzger, remember.

Santa Fe.

Mr. Earl makes no reference to rebates from the Santa Fe; he mentions only the Southern Pacific. The Santa Fe records cannot be reached in this State, and it is idle to believe that the Santa Fe people will provide any information they may have on the subject.

Earl and the "Express."

The "Express" devoted a deal of space to that inquiry into fruit shipping matters. The investigation went on for several days and the "Express" was represented by the late Herman J. Rodman. If what I now say is not based in truth, I will give Mr. Earl ample space in which to reply. I

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am told on what I believe to be good authority that Mr. Earl's interest in the "Express" was stimulated by the reports which Mr. Rodman wrote; and that E. T. promptly became a stockholder in the "Express" company. Mr. Rodman was summarily discharged shortly afterward. He could not have been "fired" for the ordinary sins of newspaper men—for Mr. Rodman was an unusually competent, steady and industrious man. The question now is: "Did E. T. Earl dictate Mr. Rodman's discharge for his part in giving publicity to the inquiry of the interstate commission?"

Whose Bible.

I notice that the Church Federation and its allies announce their intention of launching a State campaign so that the Bible may be read in the public schools, and the divinity of Jesus of Nazareth be duly recognized. Whose Bible? The Bible of the Catholics or the Bible of the Protestants? The Talmud or the Koran? If the Church Federation ever gets a constitutional amendment to that effect before the people of the State of California, the defeat that will be administered to this proposed invasion of theology into civil affairs will astound its proponents. There isn't a chance of submitting such an amendment to the people; no legislature would so vote. By all means let the law remain as it is; California will rue the day that theological thought invades the public schools.

Loveland.

I am told that H. D. Loveland, the newly appointed Railroad Commissioner, intends to live in Los Angeles, but will retain his "official" residence in San Francisco, so as to qualify for retention on the State Railroad Commission. Mr. Loveland's family is already living in Los Angeles—perhaps "camping" would be the better word.

The Jackies and Others.

Secretary Zeehandelaar of the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association is formulating a plan for the proper entertainment of the officers and men of Admiral Evans' fleet. Of course there will be dinners and such functions at which the Prominent Citizen of Los Angeles can show his gladness; but how about the Jackies? They care for only one Prominent Citizen of Los Angeles, Mr. James J. Jeffries, who shares with a brilliant tennis player, international fame. Indeed, after all, I am tempted to believe that Mr. James J. Jeffries is California's most renowned man. Among the Jackies of the navy none of us except Mr. James J. Jeffries amount to the traditional hill of beans. But in sailor estimation Mr. James J. Jeffries is a very large potato, and only one in the hill—and only one hill. Any doubting Thomases would have their ideas dispelled had they visited the thirst slackery at which Mr. Jeffries periodically appears while the Pacific fleet was on the southern coast. Depend upon it, every one of the sixteen thousand sailors in Evans' fleet will pine to look at Mr. James J. Jeffries—looking at him will cost the looker anywhere from 5 cents to $1 for refreshments.

A Suggestion.

I shrink from advising so able an amusement provider as Mr. Zeehandelaar has proved himself to be; Mr. Zeehandelaar's reputation has been achieved by a procession of successful fiestas. But if Mr. Zeehandelaar really desires to please the sailors, he will consult with that other distinguished purveyor of amusements, Mr. Thomas J. McCarey. Between them they could possibly persuade the mighty James J. to strip for the edification of the tars, and maybe box a round or two.

Pleasing—Not Brutal.

That would please the tars; please Mr. Jeffries; please all but the mollycoddles. And it wouldn't be one hundredth as brutal as an American football game, the style of play insisted upon by some of the sectarian colleges of this section of the State.

Who Is He?

My attention was caught this week by a very significant paragraph which has appeared in the "Tidings," reading as follows: "Old Calvary Cemetery, situated on Buena Vista street, formerly known as Calle de Eternidad, did not have the friends among the city fathers in its day of stress and trial such as Rosedale and Evergreen have nowadays when petitions have been presented to forbid future interments in these cemeteries. The action of the present City Council reminds us that Old Calvary did not have the political backing which Rosedale and Evergreen now enjoy. It is known that one of the present city council is a large stockholder in the Rosedale Association. It was but natural to expect that he would use his official position to conserve his own interests." This is in many respects a remarkable paragraph. The question that arises in my mind is whether the councilman who "is a large stockholder in Rosedale Association" is Mr. Wallace; and if so, whether he prefers to serve the interests of the Rosedale Association or of the thousands of Fifth warders, who signed the petition to close the cemetery.

Petitions.

The city council in refusing to close the cemeteries, laid some stress on the fact that 14,000 people, more or less, signed a petition against closing. Some of these signatures were bona fide, of course; but I think that the majority of the people who signed that petition would sign a petition for or against anything. For instance, one man handling a petition against closing, stationed himself around First and Main streets and got nearly every man who loiters in that vicinity to sign. Of what value are such signatures in deciding matters of policy affecting the life and welfare of the people of the Fourth and Fifth wards? Furthermore, for weeks

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR.
Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
December 13, 1907.

Notice is hereby given that Clyde W. Dayton of Chatsworth, Cal., has filed notice of his intention to make final five year proof in support of his claim, viz: Homestead Entry No. 9610, made July 2, 1901, Add'l Hd. No. 11518, Nov. 27, 1907, for the NW¼ of NW¼, and NE¼ of NW¼ (Lot 1,) Section 34, Township 2 N., Range 17 W., S.B.M., and that said proof will be made before Register and Receiver at Los Angeles, Cal., on February 4, 1908.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, the land, viz:

Elijah W. Woolsey, of Watts, Cal.; A. H. Nash, of Rivera, Cal.; Clara D. Blinn, of Los Angeles, Cal.; Filetta A. Dayton, of Los Angeles, Cal.

FRANK C. PRESCOTT, Register.

Dec.28-5t. Date of first publication Dec.28-07.

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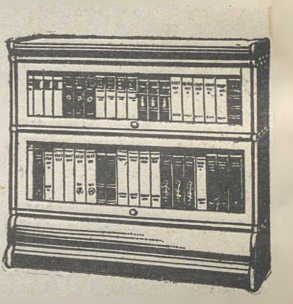

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people who attended funeral services were held up within the cemetery to sign the petition against closing. It is scarcely believable that this offense against good taste was committed—but it was. The hackmen, too, had their fingers in this struggle. They want to be able to drive to as many funerals as possible each day.

Beveridge.

The trial of Philo J. Beveridge, of Hollywood, for the "crime" of supplying three bottles of claret to his guests, the Highway Commissioners, at Hotel Hollywood, is to proceed next Monday. These three bottles of claret and George H. Dunlop's notion of his "official duties" bid fair to become famous. I hazard a guess that a good many of these individuals in Hollywood who are so fierce for Mr. Beveridge's conviction are addicted to the Peruna and Hostetter's Bitters habit.

Hartman.

Speaking of "Peruna" I understand that Dr. S. B. Hartman, who owns that famous tipple, is spending the winter at the Hotel Maryland in Pasadena. To look at Dr. Hartman you would never suspect him of patent medicine proclivities. He looks like a preacher of the Henry Ward Beecher type; or like a great large-hearted philanthropist. Dr. Hartman is quite a man around his home burg, Columbus, Ohio. He originally went to Columbus from Texas. I remember well the time he was getting a start. He had a clever newspaper man of my acquaintance editing the "testimonials" and I used to watch this process with no little degree of amusement. The early history of "Peruna" was marked by a tough struggle. Associated with Dr. Hartman are three brilliant intellects. One is Dr. Carr, who engineers the philanthropic work of "Peruna," and is a man of many talents. He delights in slum work, and deserves credit. The second is F. W. Schumacher, Dr. Hartman's son-in-law, who owes his advancement to his skill in selling "Peruna" in Texas. Dr. Hartman's fourth helper is W. V. Baker, a college man, who is a thirty-third degree American Hustler. Dr. Hartman is a faddist on blooded stock. He is likewise the only man in Columbus who was ever known to tear down a valuable building to provide a lawn for his residence. "Peruna" is not his only possession, although a valuable asset. Dr. Hartman is a banker, a hotel-keeper, a trolley magnate, a business-block owner, and he has other interests as well. At about four score years he is a splendidly preserved man—probably not by using "Peruna."

A Word for Fisk.

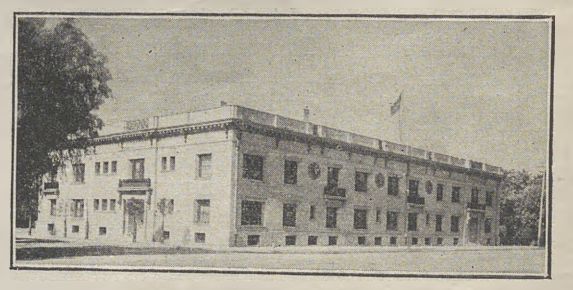
I have no desire to be captious towards the leaders of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League, for many of whom I have warm admiration and respect. But a new political organization with the professed object of cleansing this state must be careful about the cleanliness of its own skirts. For instance, the northern leaders of the League have been concentrating their fire upon Postmaster Fisk, of San Francisco—to prevent his reappointment. Nobody pretends that Fisk has not made an excellent record as postmaster, and thus far he has well fulfilled the Roosevelt essential of efficiency. Fisk's sin, in the eyes of the League, is that during his career in the Legislature he was identified with the State Republican "Machine." On the other hand, Fisk's virtue, of which some of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League leaders are conveniently oblivious, is that he was the one man within "the machine" who consistently and at every point fought the pernicious influence of Abe Ruef. Among the men who have been busy opposing Fisk's reappointment are Ex-Governor George C. Pardee and Congressmen Hayes and Kahn. It is an important part of the recent political history of this state that Pardee made overtures to Ruef to secure the boss's assistance for his renomination, and was turned down, because Ruef "couldn't trust" Pardee to keep his promises. Moreover, both Congressmen Hayes and Kahn were hand-in-glove with San Francisco's dethroned boss as long as he was in power.

Xmas Crowds at Races.

That the racing game has a firm hold on the local populace was fully confirmed by the large attendance on Christmas Day. Every private box was filled with handsomely gowned ladies, and the grand-stand was taxed to its capacity, the overflow taking refuge on the graveled space in front, while the betting ring was one movable mass of humanity, jostling one another in order to gain access to the bookies striving to get down to a "live one." Early in the day vehicles of all descriptions wended their way towards Santa Anita Park, and as noonday approached the roadways were lined for miles reminding the writer of a bank holiday crowd enroute to the famous Epsom Downs, in England. That the better class were present could plainly be seen from the great number of automobiles stationed at the east end of the mammoth grand-stand, the valuation of same being close to a half million dollars at a conservative estimate. The program provided was an excellent one, and the sport was thoroughly enjoyed.

Club House Idea.

The long cherished hope of Director George Rose and others associated with him



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to build a Club House at Santa Anita Park for the exclusive use of the members and their guests, appears to become a realization judging from the class who attended the races on Christmas Day. Baldwin's Ranch is a famous place, Santa Anita Park will become equally as well known, being without doubt today the most picturesque race track in America, if not in the world. Were the directors to arrange for a Derby Day—the day of all days in Chicago but a few years ago—and which made Washington Park famous, the writer ventures to predict that this one feature more than any other would tend more to bring the racing game into prominence instead of decadence. Think it over, then act, but first of all cleanse the Jockey Club grounds of known infamous characters, who already have been instrumental in bringing racing into disrepute.

Just Begun.

Considerable space has been devoted in recent issues to a notorious character—one Harry Brolaski—and the readers of the "Graphic" may yet expect revelations of his duplicity which ought to make the uninformed and uniniated sit up and take nourishment. I may have something to say about the brothers Allardt. There is a story about their sister, who intrusted her money with Brolaski, this money having been saved to be used for a special purpose of assisting one brother who was in deep trouble. I may say something about George Hines, circus agent, speculator and who figured with this same Brolaski to the tune of $1,600. Restitution may have been made in this case, as a "gun" figured. I may have something to say about one Bliss. I may have something about an alleged "phony" issue of railroad tickets in which Brolaski says he "mulcted" a St. Louis ticket broker. I may have something to say how an elderly gentlemanly appearing man, a Mr. Smith, was "turned" for $2,000 against the "wire," and who later committed suicide. This Brolaski is at present here in Los Angeles.

Rose Stakes.

The Rose Selling Stakes, $2000 added, to be run on New Year's Day, at Santa Anita Park, brings together a field and class of thoroughbreds which gives promise of a most spectacular finish. Director George Rose donates $1000 of the added money. The distance is one mile and one-eighth.

"Jack" McDonald, known far and wide in racing circles, is a late arrival in the city. For many years "Jack" was a prominent figure on the Grand circuit harness meets, but switched over to the runners in the last few years with varied success. When they do not run right for "Jack" you are very apt to hear a loud wail and threats to have 'em "kicked in."

Now that both Chambers and Walker, of Hot Springs fame, have arrived here for the winter season, some big operations can be expected in the ring at Santa Anita.

Sam Hildreth, with his string of twenty thoroughbreds, arrived at Santa Anita Park the early part of the week. Among his string is "Montgomery," a classy stake horse who, it is predicted, is apt to show his heels to the speedy "Rifleman," owned by "Dick" Carman, the New York sportsman.

Mr. J. E. Cahill, of New York City, is here for the winter season. Mr. Cahill is a heavy operator on the big Eastern race tracks.

Bids for Notoriety.

Rev. Dr. W. A. Knox, of the Knoxville Presbyterian Church, of Pittsburg, is the latest minister to bid for national notoriety. For his Christmas gift from his congregation, he was tendered a purse, containing five of the new $20 gold pieces—minus the "In God We Trust." Mr. Knox refused the gift, because "my mother taught me to look for the motto, 'In God We Trust,' on the coins and when the President announced his new order, effacing the inscription from the coins, I swore I would take no money that did not bear the old motto." Bless the man! Does he know to what infinitely base uses money having that inscription has been put? Does he realize the crime, the misery, the want, the poverty, the injustice, that have been wrought by coins bearing "In God We Trust?" One who thinks as he does should refuse all paper money, all nickels and dimes. When the truth is sifted out it will be learned that this is just a cheap little bid for notoriety—and that Mr. Knox will, in some way, permit the "twenties" to percolate into his pocket.

High School Victory.

The victory of the High School football team over that of the University of Southern California, on Christmas Day, was not only a very creditable feat for the boys to per-

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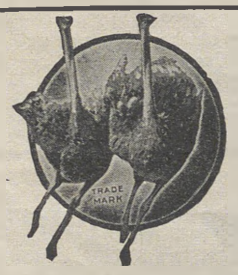

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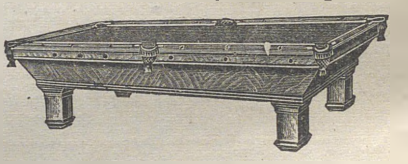

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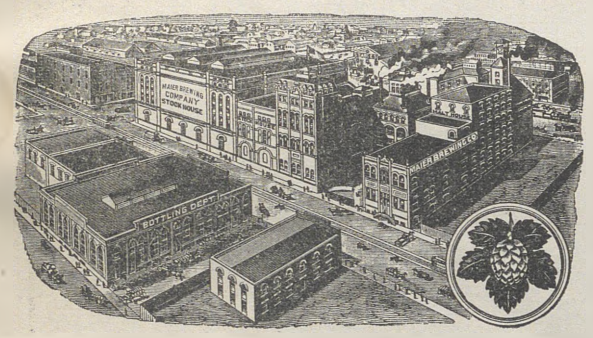

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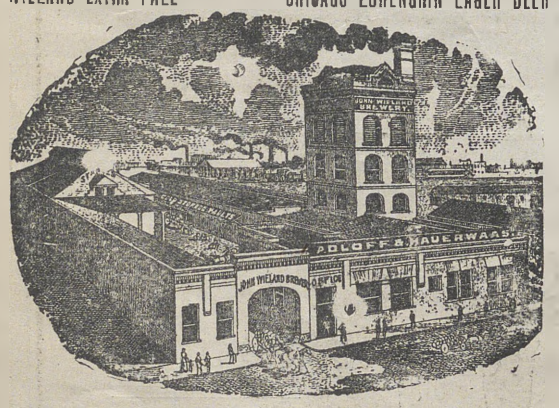

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form; but also shows the immense advantage of a study of the open game. The University line was heavier than their opponents, naturally, and this made it almost impossible for Stan Mitchell's players to buck through. They knew this and tried open work, combined with speed and cleverness. How successful they were is clearly shown by the score of 16 to 6. It appears that if the High School boys had had just a trifle more practice in place-kicking for goal plays, they would have scored many times more. This play, while often used under the old mass play style, is tried far more often under the new rules. Forward passing and quick, clever dodging through the ends were used with deadly effect by the High School players, and showed the wonderful effect of enthusiastic training and practice. Every one of the players is to be congratulated, not forgetting Lull, who kicked both goals. Now let us have a game between St. Vincent's and the High School.

Good Outlook for "Soccer" Enthusiasts.

For some reason or other the local expatriates who play Soccer are far more enthusiastic than the followers of the Rugby game. There are three Soccer clubs, and they all have a large membership. The Scotch team is the largest, so much so that they have two full teams, one of which they call the "Celtics." I was out to watch them practice the other afternoon, and was surprised at the really excellent team work shown by both sides. Of course, mere amateurs cannot be expected to show the same form that professional teams do, but even at that they put up a very pretty game. To see two of the big English leaguers play a match is almost like watching an exhibition of billiards with the feet, so expert do they become in passing the ball from one to another. The English and Scotch teams are to play at Chutes Park this afternoon, and I expect a keen game will result. Soccer is very easily understood by a spectator, and is very pretty to watch, although, of course, it lacks the strenuosity of the intercollegiate or Rugby games.

"Lawyers vs. Turkey."

The above read over the menu of the annual dinner of the disciples of Coke and Blackstone at Levy's Café on Saturday evening last, at which more than one hundred sat down at fifteen tables, the center of each being crowned by a splendidly-browned eighteen-pound bird that had been fattened for the occasion, although others than the lawyers had done the plucking. There was a jury present; as follows:

W. H. Anderson, Foreman; John Goe, Harry Joe, Kenton Doe, Alexander Voe, Willie Bawl, Billy Bore, Joseph Moe, Russ Soe, Walter Foe, Willie Chase, Willie Woe.

And the action in the case was as follows:

Opening Statement, (J. H. Shankland.)

Roastmaster, (Walter J. Trask)—"A Little Child Shall Lead Them."

The Trial Judge, (Hon. James W. Taggart)—"May His Shadow Never Grow Less."

The Gentleman of the Law, (Hon. N. P. Conrey)—"May His Tribe Increase."

Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree, (W. J. Hunsaker)—"For He's a Jolly Good Fellow."

Chris'mas Gif's, (Edw. F. Wehrle)—"It is More Blessed to Give than to Receive"—and More Usual.

Our Dear Clients, (Edwin A. Meserve)—"May Their Estates Always Descend as they Ascend."

Our Creditors, (Geo. P. Adams)—"Forgive Us Our Debts as We Forgive Our Debtors."

The Judges would have rendered their decision at once, but they were too full for utterance. It was generally understood, however, that no fault could be found with the turkey, although the latter was very properly put out of the way.

A Transplanted Christmas.

Had Wilhelm dropped into Levy's Café last evening while the Sunset Club was enjoying its Christmas dinner, his majesty would have thought he had encountered a lot of convivial fellows conversing(or endeavoring to) and singing in his own language—although it was only a so-called German celebration of Christmas by the members of the Sunset Club. It seems that it occurred to Herr Alles, Herr Vetter, Herr Osborne, Herr Stevens, and other lowly Dutch offenders, that their celebration of the Christmas of 1907 should be a "full"—with the emphasis on the word "full"—course German dinner, with distinctive German decorations, with imported (from Aliso street) Pilsener and Select beers, in steins; and Herr Koepfli, Herr Francisco, Herr Brook, Herr Parsons and Herr Woolwine were appointed a committee to confer with Herr Levy thereupon; and there followed a high-

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class German dinner of eight courses, with bologna sausage, Dutch pickles, weinerwurst, pretzels and black bread on the side. There were also speeches supposedly in German or Dutch that, of course, no Prussian or Hollander could have understood, by Herr Wiggins, Herr Slauson, Herr Knight, Herr Stewart and Herr O'Melveny. There was music by Arend's band, which gave the "Marseillaise," the can-can from la "Grande Duchesse," "See How His Face He Covers," from the "Little Duke," and other choice selections from over the Rhine (in Cincinnati.) Herr Burnham (Kapell-Meister), trolled out his famous zobo band, composed of Herr Foshay, Herr Clover, Herr Davis, Herr McKinley, Herr Fishburn and Herr Bridge, which presented "Die Wacht am Rhein" in so distressful a manner as to have a call sent for the patrol wagon by the Turnverein Germania, which was holding a Wurzburger meeting a few blocks away. "Ach du lieber Augustine" was rendered in a fetching manner by Herr Bulla. Herr Barnwell's "Hoch der Kaiser" elicited thunders of applause from seventy odd emptied steins. Herr Elliott told in sweet German accents of the vast amounts of scrip he had issued and hoped never to see returned, while Herr Haynes talked of his fenders so glowingly, in Rotterdam Dutch, that all who were compelled to listen to him wished they had been run over before daring the German repast. Herr Parker sung "Lauterbach" in Amsterdam Dutch, and then some stories wound up the "Transplanted German Christmas" of the Sunset Club.

A Great Bench Show.

What with golf, polo and tennis at Del Monte at various times of the year there will be a dog show on the grounds of the famous hotel on Saturday next, the fourth proximo. It will probably be the finest kennel display ever seen on the Pacific coast, as more than six hundred dogs have been entered from San Francisco, seventy from San José, eleven from Santa Barbara and quite that number from Los Angeles. There will be a handsome trophy for the best dog in the show, irrespective of sex or breed, and there will be handsome trophies for the best team of four of any breed. There will be other attractions covering the week of New Year's, which is to be the record week so far as music and dancing and other recreations are concerned. There are already some forty odd Southern Californians at Del Monte, and arrangements for more may be made by calling on Chester W. Kelley, 553 Spring Street, who is authorized to make reservations, while the Southern Pacific has for this occasion made the price of a round-trip ticket $15.20, which is only about two-thirds of the usual fare.

The "Varian Kennels" of Pasadena, breeders of thoroughbred Scotch collies, are receiving widespread recognition and in the past few weeks Mr. Varian has shipped several fine puppies to Oregon and Arizona points. Some of his dogs are beautifully marked, and every dog sold is accompanied with a pedigree. Mr. E. B. Varian, the owner of the "Varian Kennels," is planning to do business on an extensive scale, and is casting about for a new location. He owns the choicest of prize-winning stock, and no finer strain is available.

An Insignificant Shrine

"Over the capacious fireplace of the Tahoe Tavern" says a correspondent of the Graphic "is an architect's drawing of a little church. Why should such insignificance be affected at the very shrine of the Great Architect? If the stately Tahoe, with its commanding Sinais, Horebs, and Ararats all around, isn't a place of adoration and worship beside even which St. Peter's and St. Paul's would be infinitesimal, then my reasoning faculties have received their final dismissal. But is such an idol of cant and bigotry is to be reared above the heavenly billows of one of God's masterpieces, and among God's temples, as Emerson reverentially termed the woods, then which one of the 148 Protestant and Catholic denominations shall it represent? I judge from the fact that it is to be called the "Church of the Transfiguration," that it is to be Episcopal, and that those who attend will be compelled to declare themselves all and always "miserable sinners and that there is no good in them." But perhaps the "Holy Jumpers," the "Holy Ghosters," "God's Limited Chosen," the Dunkers, Shakers or Mormons may have a say in this job for the fool killer. And while these goody-goodys are about it, let them erect some waterfalls in the Yosemite, plant some gum trees in the Mariposa Grove, paint the lily and create a new Milky Way.

Bertha Blanchard will shortly make her debut in vaudeville in a sketch called "Ashes of '64," written especially for her by Oliver Curtis. Miss Blanchard for five seasons played prominent roles with the late Richard Mansfield, and also had a wide experience in the Belasco and Mayer and H. W. Bishop stock companies in San Francisco, and with Florence Roberts' company. In addition to her talent as an actress Miss Blanchard is also a very clever musician, and has received many complimentary notices on the quality of her singing voice. So says the "Dramatic Mirror." Bertha Blanchard, it will be remembered, was with the local Belasco company for a time. She is undeniably clever.

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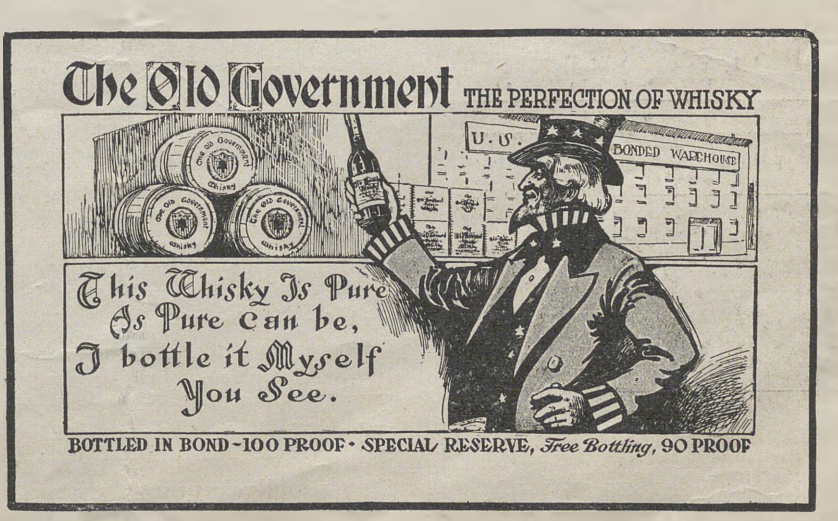

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Deborah's Diary

What a smart "New Yorky" touch our three new hansom cabs do give us! They are to be seen bobbing along Broadway every morning now, stopping here and there to drop their "fares" at the shops for holiday buying. In the afternoon they are kept going for calls and receptions. When they chance to be idle they stand at the Van Nuys, the Alexandria, and the Angelus to gladden the hearts of hotel guests who couldn't think of anything so plebian as taking a street car to go a few blocks, and who feel more at home in a cab than a touring car for such short jaunts. These three cabs were bought as an experiment, and if the good people who can afford to ride in chaises give their approval, a big line of them will follow. They made their debut the first week in December, and so far they have been idle very little. Mrs. Godfrey Holterhoff and Miss Leila have used them for Christmas shopping, and on different days I've seen Mrs. Stephen W. Dorsey Mrs. F. W. Braun, Mrs. Sam Schenck, Mrs. F. W. King and Miss Ellis out calling or attending some afternoon affairs. For a certain little snappy smartness, there's nothing quite up to a hansom—provided, of course, there's a pretty, well-groomed girl inside. Los Angeles has the girl all right—all right, and it's to be hoped that before the New Year is out of its swaddling clothes we'll be tantalized at every corner by the coaxing index finger of a cabby, and the persuasive invitation: "Hansom—lady—have a keb?"

I happened along in the wake of the Will Bishops the other day, and I couldn't help thinking what a difference there was between their Christmas shopping this year and other years. In other days they spent most of their time in shops where they sell golf goods, and diamonds, and other trifles of that sort, but this year they went from one toy department to another, and they kept the clerks busy winding up all the toys that do things. I did not tell Baby Bishop any secrets, but I'll warrant she borrowed a stocking bigger than an animal cracker.

A box party at the Belasco Theater was given by Mrs. Fred Wagner of 622 Bonnie Brae street on Saturday afternoon in honor of Miss Hazel Wilson, who will act as maid of honor at the coming wedding of Miss Gertrude Wagner. A violet luncheon was served after the entertainment at Christopher's, covers being laid for seven.

Once more Ella Wheeler Wilcox, the poetess of passion, and the friend of dumb animals, has been in our midst. Mrs. Wilcox was the guest of Mrs. George Drake Ruddy of 2711 Wilshire boulevard, and was feted and entertained by club and private parties ad lib. "Time does not dull nor custom fade" the enthusiasm of this tropical little artist. If her poetry is less frequent and fervid than it was during her twenties, her personal charm and temperamental qualities have only increased with years. Ella Wheeler Wilcox lives for what she calls "the things that are worth while," and in doing so seems to have arrived at a more than usually happy solution of the problem of life.

Mr. George W. Ware, a capitalist, of Columbus, Ohio, accompanied by his wife, have arrived in Los Angeles for the winter season, and are guests of the Hotel Orena. Mr. Ware is an enthusiast in out-door sports, and intends to spend a great portion of his time angling at Catalina and Arcadia.

Mr. J. R. Williams, of Columbus, Ohio, has returned to California after an absence of fourteen years, and is domiciled in a handsome bungalow, at 1430 Garfield avenue, Pasadena. Mr. Williams stands high in Masonry and in business circles in his home city.

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A charmingly appointed dinner party was given by dainty Miss Nina Jones at the Hotel Van Nuys this week. Covers were laid for twelve guests, and the table decorations were of pink carnations and tulle bows of the same shade.

A pleasant function of the Christmas week was a dance given by Mrs. J. S. Vallely of 3452 South Flower street for her two charming daughters, at which about sixty members of the younger set were present. The wide porches and verandas were cosily scrend in for supper, and the entire floor of the roomy house was given over to the joys of the two-step.

One of the most charming of our Christmas entertainments was a dinner dance given by Mrs. J. B. Lippincott of 1256 West Adams street on Thursday evening for her dainty young daughter, who is home from college for the Christmas holidays.

A New Year's eve ball in Mexico will be graced by several of our Los Angeles society belles. The affair is to be given by Mrs. Ham in honor of her pretty daughter, Eno, who is to be formally introduced into society on that occasion. Miss Clara Carpenter, daughter of C. C. Carpenter of 1157 West Twenty-seventh street. Miss Alice Groff, daughter of Judge Groff of Redondo, Mrs. McKay, formerly of Santa Barbara, and other belles from the sunny South will vie with the many beautiful senoritas of the Mexican capital.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Henry Hawkins of 943 South Union ave. announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Charlotte Hawkins, to Mr. Woodbury Clement Pennell, a young architect of Los Angeles. The wedding will take place next month at the home of the bride-elect, and the bridesmaids will be Miss Anna Du Soll and Miss Mae Gibson, while Mrs. Nathan P. Bundy, a sister of Miss Hawkins, will act as matron of honor.

Among the many festivities of Christmas Eve not the least enjoyable was the tree at the Westlake Hospital, Ninth and Olive streets. There was vocal and instrumental music and other merry making appropriate to the occasion.

Too impatient to await the opening of the calendar of regular sporting events, January 1, the guests already installed at the Hotel del Coronado extemporized a paper chase on North Island last Saturday. A delegation of riders from San Diego, a detachment from the fleet reinforced by a dozen equestrians from the hotel, pursued "the hares" around a ziz-zag trail over the island. In a nose-to-nose finish Percy A. Smith beat out Frank Turnbull for the honors. After the chase beer was served to about fifty guests at the Coronado Country Club. The run was so successful that others are to follow regardless of scheduled events.

Golf will play a lime-light role at Coronado this year. The links have been worked over and many interesting features added to the course. "The greens" are perfect as a billiard table. For the big championship events in February, a tournament of national stars are expected to scintillate. Mrs. Herbert Munn, of New York, who won the women's championship in 1907, has written that she will be on hand for a second try at the cup. The season opens January 6. This year's golf schedule is as follows:

January 6.—Approaching and Putting Contest for Men.
January 7.—Approaching and Putting Contest Women.
January 13-17.—Bogey Handicap for Men.
January 20-23.—Bogey Handicap for Women.
February 3-7.—Championship Tournament for Men.
February 10-13.—Championship Tournament for Women.
February 24.—Driving Contest for Men.
February 26.—Driving Contest for Women.
March 2-6.—Handicap Tournament for Men.
March 9-12.—Handicap Tournament for Women.
April 6-9.—Consolation Handicap for Men.
April 13-16.—Consolation Handicap for Women.
April 24.—Men's Golf Competition (one club).
April 28.—Women's Golf Competition (one club).

Automobile parties from Los Angeles are becoming one of the features of Coronado days. Recently a Goldfield party came down. It was followed by a Chicago party, which every year makes a tour of Southern California. Saturday Mr. and Mrs. Obear with their guests, R. K. Byrons, of Lexington, and W. H. Graham, of Long Beach, ran down for an week's end.

Los Angeles persons registered recently at the Hotel were: Earl E. Rogers, P. M. Carve, David Gaul, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Obear and W. H. Graham of Long Beach.

Heber Coleman, the well-known vocal teacher, is at Glendora recovering from an attack of ptomaine poisoning.

Frank B. Long Piano. Unequelled in tone.

Lucille's Letter

My Dear Harriet.

Now we approach the moment when the heart of woman is made glad by a perfect epidemic of bargains in each and every store. Stocked to repletion for Christmas week, they are ready to give away at half or quarter price nearly every sort of dry goods imaginable. The Boston Store is having a special cut on all walking hats. Any hat, indeed, that is not priced higher than fifteen dollars is to be sold by the New Year for a five dollar bill. I saw some charmingly pretty felt mushrooms with monster roses and dahlias wreathed in front, that were to be given away at this price. Pheasants' breast toques in browns and bluish grays make nobby little street hats, and are always in good form, and used to cost us at least twenty dollars. Well, the Boston Store never handles any but the best kind of millinery, you know, so this week end sale will be a chance to recoup after the fierce onslaught on the pocket book by the Christmas fever.

The Ville de Paris was in dignified mood this week after the plethora of Christmas jinks and dinks it has indulged in. The sale of valuable oriental rugs is still on in that fine establishment. The Ville doesn't carry any domestic "common or garden" rugs, you know. If you get a rug at the Ville, you get one with a long pedigree attached. A third off the imported marked price is still in vogue there, and will be until all are sold, but the stock is diminishing fast, and though there are still many fine members of good eastern families of rugs left—such as the Kermanshans, Beloochistans, Karabaughs, Kasak, Saraband, Saruk and others—still to get a good choice it behooves the wise housekeeper to make her selection at once, if not sooner.

My dear girl, this is our opportunity. We have not waited in vain for Blackstone's to unbend on the price of those most beautiful furs. Those waggly tailed things that women adore nowadays, in mink, ermine, fox, bear, otter and chinchilla, all the muffs, "stoles," capes, collars, boas and fur coats and jackets are to be marked down to a third off the regular price; on an expensive set there are quite a large number of dollars coming to you in this case, and in buying sables one knows one is investing money almost as securely as in diamonds. Blackstone's stock of furs is one of the largest and most varied in the city, and are to be sold at a third off till they are all gone.

"To come closer" is always the successful effort of our friends, the Myer Siegels, at 253 South Broadway, and this week all the beautiful undergarments are to be reduced a third, a quarter, and in some cases, half price. January sales are world-famed delights for the eternal feminine, and nowhere does the interest run higher than around the undermuslin counters. Myer Siegel leads and some exquisite pieces of lingerie which in women's and children's wear, you know, I saw yesterday were absolutely priced just at half what we generally have to pay for them. You'd better come and see what's doing at Siegel's this week.

Affectionately yours,

LUCILLE.

South Figueroa street.
December twenty-sixth.

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On the Stage and Off

Probably being too busy guessing at the whereabouts of the next "new theater," the theater reporters have deliberately passed up the best feature story of the season. Frank Pixley, the librettist of the Pixley & Luders combination, is visiting his wife's relatives in Los Angeles. He is the only American writer ever decorated by the king of Portugal, and the gold chain alone, which goes with the honor, is a massive thing, the metal in which must be worth into the thousands of dollars. His Portugese majesty heard "The Prince of Pilsen" in London, learned the name of the writer, and decorated him by long distance treatment, in Chicago. The entire proceeding is most unusual. Pixley also tells a good story of the trouble that was encountered in staging "The Prince of Pilsen" in Paris. The chorus girls in the French capital refuse to dance. They declare that they are paid only to sing, and if dancing is wanted a ballet must be employed. Before the managers had found girls who would sing and dance the piece was almost put out of business with a strike.

For a few moments disaster threatened the first appearance of Miss Katherine Emmet, leading woman of the Belasco theater, last Monday night. The stage was set for the second act of "Lord and Lady Algy," the call boy shouted "Second act" at the doors of the dressing rooms, when suddenly Miss Emmet's maid ran frantically to the stage manager's entrance and called, "Wait, wait! Miss Emmet's dress isn't here." In sending the costume the dressmaker had omitted that very essential portion, the front of the waist. There was racing and chasing for a considerable time, and finally the garment was completed. By the way, the Belasco management has been criticized by some for having Miss Emmet open her engagement in so light a part. As a matter of fact, it was the best thing that could have been done. It is unfair to an actress to force her to play a strenuous role, with only one week's rehearsal, before a strange audience which she regards as the court of final appeal. By all means give her a chance to become acquainted.

John Blackwood's office, Christmas eve, looked like the parcel wrapping counter of a department store. There were bundles of all shapes, sizes and values, and presents varying from diamond pins to an amazingly decorated lemon. If managerial popularity is all that is required to make a theater succeed, the Belasco should turn 'em away every night.

Hugh Allen Saxon, one time news editor of the "Express," more recently associated with Jones & Ryder in the real estate business, is one of the star performers in a local theater this week. His work is so good that Walter Hoff Seeley can be pardoned just a little touch of jealousy.

Ollie Mack is still unshot. Gladys Van decided not to kill him outright, but simply to pester him to death because he insisted upon marrying his Salida, Colorado, ladye love. The only thing that indicates that the whole affair is not a clever press-agent yarn is the fact, attested by many outsiders, that the diminutive Mack rode all one day in the baggage car of a train, on which Gladys Van was traveling. He saw a lawyer here, and now he is felling more cheerful.

"Lord and Lady Algy" is rather an indifferent play. Its plot is incoherent, and after the last act one doesn't quite know what the play is all about. Lewis Stone as the "horsey" Lord Algy is not called upon for any especial effort, except as to his accent, which is a work of art. Charles Rug-

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Bernard Daly as Dan O'Hara in "The Kerry Gow," at the Grand Opera House

gles, the youthful adored of the matinee girls, is astonishingly good as a mature Englishman. Dorothy Bernard, who is still a "Dot," has a very small part which, with a number of others, has no connection with the plot.

It is, of course, quite impossible to judge the worth of Katherine Emmet from one appearance, especially in a part which neither requires nor possesses any scope. Miss Emmet is comely both as to face and figure, and evidently understands the art of gowning herself to the best advantage. She has a graceful stage presence—an invaluable asset—and a pleasing, unstrained voice, which is apparently coupled with distinct enunciation. As to her ability to hold the place of leading woman with the Belasco company, we shall have the opportunity to judge later. She promises well.

The Burbank programs this week make especial explanation of the fact that Clyde Fitch did not attempt to write a historical play, but they do not mention the fact that neither did he attempt to make "Barbara Frietchie" worth while. It is clever enough in its sly appeal to popular taste, it has tricks of stage craft that only this playwright can give, it has a pretty love story, but it lacks even the effervescent wit—oft-times borrowed—that distinguishes the majority of Fitchian efforts.

William Desmond struggles with the part of Captain Trumbull, tries to infuse life into the stilted, stagy lines, and makes a very handsome figure on his death-bed—even if he does open and close his mouth uncertainly after he has been dead several hours.

Little Miss Hall, with a fluffy halo of curls that give her the appearance of a mischievous child, is a sweet enough little rebel to turn any Yankee's head. She is very much in earnest, so much that the real tears glisten on her cheeks, as she sits dreaming in the firelight, guarding her lover's life.

Harry Mestayer, as the hysterical Jack Negley, takes a sensational roll down a flight of stairs, but the effect is marred by his too obvious consideration of his bones.

"Barbara Frietchie" would not be complete without Robert Morris, in the part of Gelwex—a part Mr. Morris has made peculiarly his own.

An absurd feature of the performance is the flag used, a thirteen star flag which floated above the Frietchie home for years, which had been patched and darned, which had gone through a battle with Captain Trumbull, and which in the end waves new, unsoiled and glaringly fresh over Barbara's dead body. It's the little things that count, dear property man.

The audience that greeted Florence Roberts at the Los Angeles theater Sunday night made up in enthusiasm what it lacked in numbers. "Zira" is a play that leaves you dissatisfied. Its story is too well known to require re-telling, but the problem of whether one woman—and a woman of Zira's stamp—could make a world and a life for a Gordon Clavering is a difficult one to solve. Plays too often leave off where they should begin.

Florence Roberts' art is so subtle, so deep and artful, that it seems simplicity itself. Repression is its keynote, naturalness its charm. Bit by bit she works up her climax, carrying her listeners with her by sheer force of intensity, quivering herself from head to foot with the depth of her emotion, leaving her audience shrinking from the sight of the grim working of a woman's bared soul. She does not play Zira, she **is** Zira.

Thurlow Bergen, whom we remember as the breezy Texan in "The Stronger Sex," cannot be classed as mere support—he is a very vital factor. Mr. Bergen's splendid voice rings with refreshing vigor; there are no ragged edges in his delineation; he shows the manly young clergyman who finds his strength in his gentleness.

Orlando Daly is another actor of merit, although hardly young or boyish enough for the part of Arnold Sylvester. Mr. Daly's tipsy scenes are especially good.

The picture which Kate Jepson draws of Lady Clavering is marred by the lifted eyebrows—very pretty arched brows, but sadly overworked.

A woman of Miss Roberts' perception and natural charm is wasting her time and her art in the cast-off vehicle of another actress. She has won personal success on that Mecca of theatrical folk—the Great White Way, but she has never had a play worthy of her. It is to be hoped that the new drama which she intends to "try on the dog" the latter part of this week will be a success, for she deserves success after her many heart-breaking disappointments.

Once again the merry "College Widow" snares her victims at the Mason Opera House. George Ade's play has been imitated by playwrights on every side, but not one of its substitutes has its dramatic worth or its fund of whimsical humor. When first presented it had a well-balanced company of

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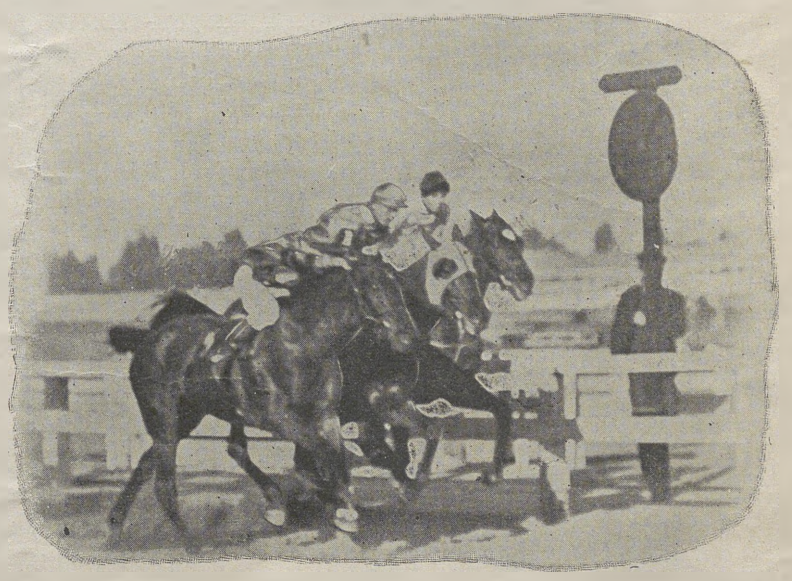

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actors and actresses worthy of the name. Now that it is in its third or fourth season, the support is not given due consideration.

Marguerite Snow, the Widow, is the possessor of abundant good looks, and a beautiful pair of soft dark eyes which she uses just a little too well. Her beauty counts for much, but cannot conceal her lack of dramatic ability. She seems constrained and almost uncomfortable; she uses her voice harshly, and is unsympathetic. If she could dance and sing—and mayhap she can—her face and figure should prove her fortune in comic opera.

Robert Kelly, as Billy Bolton, suffers by comparison with Truesdale—to whom he bears a resemblance—although he gets into the spirit of the play. He has a splendid physique and a pair of dimples warranted to break any matinee girl's heart.

Among the women, Maude Earle and Clara Weldon divide the honors. Richard Taber, as Stubb Talmadge, is good in a "fat" part, as is "Bub" Hicks in the hands of Allan Brooks.

To one who has never before seen the "College Widow" the production will be hugely enjoyable—and after all, as Mrs. Malaprop has it—"Comparisons are odorous."

Trusty Tips to Theatre Goers.

Mason—Monday night greets Marie Cahill in her new play, "Marrying Mary." From Eastern advices it would seem that Mr. Wyatt will not be drawing a blank in this syndicate offering.

—

Belasco—Following their usual plan of offering farces for holiday times, the Belasco management promises an excellent revival of the aged "Charley's Aunt."

—

Burbank—Little Ollie Cooper, whom we recollect as the wee Little Breeches in "Jim Bludso" will play the dual lead in "The Prince and the Pauper" for New Year's week.

—

Los Angeles—"Way Down East," with its "almost" snow storm, and all the characters familiar to theater-goers follows Florence Roberts.

—

Orpheum—The Orpheum promises an unusually good program for the week commencing next Monday evening. The headliner will be Ben Welch, who made such a hit here last year with his Italian and Hebrew impersonations. Welch has a new "Marriuch" song and other novelties in "language." also the same brindle bull pup that was a feature of the Venice Dog Show, of 1906. He is followed on the bill by Viola Gillette and George L. Macfarlane. Both these names are familiar to patrons of comic opera, their most recent success being in "The Girl and the Bandit." Their present offering is programmed under the nondescript title, "A Little Musical Nonsense," but it said to be much more serious, from a musicianly viewpoint, than the name indicates. The two Lorettos are acrobatic comedians or comedy acrobats, as you please, who have been making a laughing record in their trip over the Orpheum circuit. Anna Eva Fay will offer new and mysterious combinations in her second week. Ray L. Royce, Alba and the Three Westons, will offer new acts, and Howard and North will repeat their mirthful comedy, "Those Were Happy Days."

—

Grand—"The Kerry Gow" (which it may be explained to those who have never been initiated into the mysteries of Celtic means just and simply "The Blacksmith") was first made famous by Joseph Murphy. Since his appearance in the play there has been no legitimate successor until the recent discovery made by Manager U. D. Newell of Bernard Daly, the young Irish player. Mr. Daly is a good actor with an attractive personality, and his singing of Irish songs never fails to arouse his audiences to the greatest enthusiasm. He has a phenomenal tenor voice, with an exceptional range and of pleasing quality. His rendition of Killarney has already made him famous. "The Kerry Gow" is excellently staged, and since Joseph Murphy starred in the piece has never been so worthily presented as by Mr. Daly and his company.

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In the Musical World

The members of the California Glee Club of Berkeley University, will make their annual song feast pilgrimage in the direction of Los Angeles this season. Added to the membership of the Glee Club are a number of singers from the De Koven Club of Berkeley, and the celebrated Elks' Quartette. These singers are under the direction of Clinton R. Morse, the tenor soloist and director of the De Koven Club. Several years ago Mr. Morse was a glee club member at Berkeley, but for a number of years, since his graduation, studied in New York to come back to his home and assume the position of musical director of the Berkeley Glee Club members. The club intends to give a splendid program of music at Simpson's auditorium on January 6, and will have the active support of all the Berkeley alumni, as well as the college members and students who are here spending their Christmas holidays. A similar program will be given at Pasadena at the Y.M.C.A. hall, on January 2. Many prominent ladies of Los Angeles have accepted the position of patroness, and undoubtedly the California Glee Club will be greeted by one of the largest houses that usually supports such an affair. Popular prices will prevail; the University Club expects to attend in a body, and all of the University friends are lending their aid to make this concert a fashionable affair, a social, artistic and financial success.

On Friday afternoon, January 10, at the Auditorium, the Third Symphony concert of the season will take place under the direction of Mr. Harley Hamilton. The program numbers will include the Overture to "Fidelio," by Beethoven; Stanford's "Irish Rhapsody," a Bach number, and Mendelssohn's celebrated Scotch Symphony. The soloist of the occasion will be Bruce Gordon Kingsley, organist. The seat sale opens at Bartlett Music Company on Monday morning, January 6.

The third event of the Great Philharmonic Course is a musical event of great interest, not only to teachers and musical students, but to the general public as well. The coming of the singer, who is considered America's greatest basso, Herbert Witherspoon, and whom Mr. Behymer considers to be one of the strongest cards musically that he has brought to Los Angeles in the last five seasons, is set for January 14. The program is as follows:

Part I, opera and oratorio—
Recit., "I feel the Deity Within." Aria, "Arm, arm, ye brave," from "Judas Maccabaeus" (Handel).
Song to the Evening Star, from "Tannhauser" (Wagner).
Non piu Andrai, from "Le nozze di Figaro" (W. A. Mozart).
Part II, classical and modern songs in German—
Der Doppelganger. Wer Machte dich so Krank (F. Schubert).
Alte Laute. Der Knabe mit dem Wunderborn (R. Schumann).
Im Spatboot (Richard Strauss.)
Waldeinsamkit (Eugen Haile).
Helle Nacht, Drei Wandrer (Hans Hermann).
Part III, modern songs in English—
Forever and a Day (Albert Mack).
The Pauper's Drive (Sidney Homer).
Pastorale (H. Lane Wilson).
Messmates (Hermann Lohr).
Part IV, modern French songs—
L'Oiseau S'envole (Paul et Virginie) (Victor Massie).
St tu le vieux (Ch. Koechlin).
La Paix (Monotone) (Reynaldo Hahn).
Chanson (from "La Jolie Fille de Perth")—(Georges Bizet).
Part V, old melodies—
Meet Me by Moonlight Alone, English, arranged by Wade.
Shall I, Wasting in Despair, English (Wilson).
By the Short Cut to the Rosses, Irish, (Harty).
Black Sheela of the Silver Eye, Irish, (Harty).

Impressarios are beginning to realize that they can no longer trade on the reputation, however glorious, of a prima donna when once her vocal powers are waning. The great ones of the operatic stage today are great in name only. Their present achievement is far behind their past fame. Nordica, Melba, Sembrich, Gadski, Eames, Calvé and a few more that might be named, have all passed their prime. The public does not easily part with its favorites, but it is a much more severe wrench for the favorites to part with their public. Calvé's recent visit to California has been peculiarly instructive to impressarios. The greatest "Carmen" of several generations demanded $2,500 a concert, guaranteed and paid in advance. Calvé's assistants were a violinist and an accompanist, whose remuneration was insignificant. The estimate of the values of Calvé's services, therefore, was about $10,000 a week. Despite the fact that Calvé was heralded by one of the most industrious and imaginative press-agents in the country today, and that his effusions were treated with unusual liberality by editors, I learn that the receipts at not a single concert approached the guarantee. Los Angeles, however, was more charitably disposed towards Calvé—or rather her impressario—than San Francisco. While Impressario Greenbaum, of San Francisco, reckoned his Calvé losses by thousands, Impressario Behymer, of Los Angeles, is congratulating himself that his deficit amounted to a few hundred dollars only. The public, it seems to me, is gradually digesting this lesson—that, when you have heard a great singer in her prime, it is more precious to keep that memory than to hear her again when her voice has lost its power, its beauty, its charm and its freshness. As a matter of fact, today there are many great singers in opera and concert who are great only in proportion to the indefatigability and ingenuity of their press-agents, and the credulity of the public, and whose best efforts are now confined to the "records" which they sang into phonographs and gramaphones a few years ago. Both the public and the impressarios are being educated in this regard, but the education is most expensive for the impressarios.

When it is a question of getting star singers, we get them like a Nevada miner used to buy blue chips—prodigally. Caruso ought to save $150,000 out of his pay checks during the season at the Metropolitan. He was quoted recently as having said that he received $100,000 for 80 performances; $40,000 more for singing into megaphones for a talking machine company, and $40,000 for singing in the homes of wealth and fashion, if not of culture. That happened last season. And then there are Melba, Sembrich, Calvé, Paderewski, Kubelik and a regular flock of musicians, who come to exchange their notes for money. A compiler got up these figures recently; they understate the amount:

Paderewski	$ 160,000
Caruso	160,000
Kubelik	100,000
Sembrich	85,000
Calvé	85,000
Melba	85,000
Nordica	75,000
Garden	30,000
Chorus in two opera houses	60,000
Orchestra in two opera houses	20,000
Corps du ballet in two opera houses	43,200
Other opera companies	290,000
Conductors	100,000
Pianists	100,000
Violinists and 'cellists	100,000
Concert singers	200,000
Miscellaneous	200,000
Vaudeville stage	50,000
Royalties and manuscripts	250,000
Americans spend in Europe	250,000
Total	$2,343,200
American students abroad	3,000,000
Total	$5,343,200

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Among the Artists

By RENE T. DE QUELIN

There are some splendid strong drawings of Navajo Indian heads, by E. A. Burbank, to be seen at the Kanst Galleries, 642 South Spring street. This artist has made a specialty of painting Indians for many years, and has attained a wonderful proficiency; also a knowledge of this fast fading race that is extraordinary, which would prove advantageous to some government institution. Mr. Burbank should be commissioned to make a record of these interesting types before it is too late. This artist has painted a large number of Indian figures and heads, all of which have been bought by private individuals; but it seems strange that no one has come forward to make it possible for a complete record of these tribes to be made, and for them to be exhibited in some public institution, like the Smithsonian. Out of the billions of dollars owned by private individuals in the United States, has no one sufficient interest in the country where they have accumulated their immense wealth to make any attempt to keep a record of the Aborigines that once owned and covered this vast continent? Some idea may be gathered of the importance of taking this subject up before it is too late by the following: The writer whilst discussing this subject with Mr. Burbank discovered he had made a careful record of the different tribes existing, and how many were left of each. Taking for instance California, he found there were 56 tribes, numbering all told 300 souls. In going over the government records, published at Washington, it was found there were 39 tribes not on record. In Oregon Mr. Burbank found 29 distinct and separate tribes, but only nine recorded in the government list. Take for instance the Cheeko tribe of California, there are only two left; one very old man and on old woman. The Ukiah's, 24 left; Maidu's, 40; Na-Po's, Shock-o-wah's, Kookoo-tah's, Lodge-e-plah's, Techachapi's, South-Fork-Piute's, only a very few left of each of these tribes. The Tejon's, only 30; Menwock's, 12; Mad-River, 12; Panamint's, 10; Sum-Pum's, 2; Kobahlmen's, 8; Me-teneck, 2; Big-Meadow's, 12; Wintoon's, 12, and only a very few of each of the following tribes: Big-Bend, Naw-Saw, Shasta, Laguna-Pueblo, Acoina-Pueblo, Washoe, Yuma Apache, Saiaz, Orleans. There are also eleven offshoots of the Diequeno's, which form what has been termed the Mission Indians, and there are but a very few of the following left: San Luis Rey, San Filippo, the Pala tribe, which are very old; Warner Ranch, Agua Caliente, Temecula, Soboba, Seranno , Cabrilla, San Ignatio, Desert Cahuilla. It seems incredible that some one in the interest of some of our larger institutions, such as the Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Smithsonian, Field, and the newer institutions of Pittsburg, do not take this historical work up before it is too late. Mr. Burbank is now with the Navajo's, and will travel from tribe to tribe. He once told the writer he thought it would take him ten years hard work to visit all the existing tribes and make complete records of them. It would also be interesting to have the folk lore of each tribe recorded, as well as their historical records. There are hundreds of valuable tribe lores not on record, nor have ever been heard of, that should be recorded.

Hernando G. Villa, an artist of exceptionable ability, has resigned from the faculty of the Los Angeles School of Art and Design, at Westlake Park. Mr. Villa has devoted much time to illustrative work in which he is very successful; he has also designed some beautiful panels for mural decorations that were of unusual merit. We have every reason to forecast a brilliant future for this gifted artist.

Colonial Architecture and Decorations

(Continued from last week.)

There is little known, unfortunately, that is authentic of the personal history of Chippendale and his sons. The supposition is that he descended from a family of wood carvers. It has been proved that he did much carving in his early days, always copying the French style. He it was who brought mahogany so much in fashion for furniture making, occasionally setting it off with rosewood, which he carved; sometimes gilding it, at other times he would use brass and silver mounts very richly chased. A great deal of his work was also made of soft wood and Japanned, which was painted and sometimes partly gilt; on some of this work he would use copper for his mounts. Perhaps one of the strangest things of this period was that all men taking an active interest in interior decorating and of making furniture would study classical architecture thoroughly, then run wild at their own will. It was also customary for such men to write a practical book of their work, illustrating it very fully, but always prefaced by a very copious explanation of the "Five Orders." Anyone taking up a Chippendale book and not knowing this, might be disappointed in finding the design had nothing to do with the preface; in fact, in nearly all cases directly opposed to anything classical. But Chippendale somewhat offers an explanation by stating that architects usually designed their buildings on a classical model; though the furniture makers did not follow those precepts—as in the case of Chippendale himself, who was at one time impregnated with the Gothic influence, afterwards the Chinese, and then the "Rococo," or Louis XV. It is, perhaps, by the last influence that we know him best, with some few exceptions. It has been said owing to the great difference in some of his pieces of furniture, for instance, between the gilt frames and his wardrobes, that there must have been more than one in the family at work at one and the same time, but if this was the case Chippendale himself left no records of its being so, but seems to infer by his book that any intelligent workman could always give full scope to his capacity. He also advises a model piece before making up, so as to prevent mistakes. It may be interesting to know that Chippendale studied the "Five Orders" from the translations, by John Evelyn, of the French. He was King Charles' Minister to the French Court, and died in 1706. His book was called "The Parallel of the Ancient Architecture with the Modern," which was from the French work, by Roland Feart. The author compared ten of the chief writers who, up to that time, had written upon the "Five Orders." These writers all belong to the period of the Renaissance—an age of extraordinary events and revolutions. The writers were Palladio, Scamozzi, Serlio, Vignola, D. Barbaro, Cateno, L. B. Alberti, Bullant and De Lorme. D. Barbaro was at one time Ambassador from Venice to England; De Lorme was architect of the Tuilleries, and the Louvre, in Paris. Such was the influence and foundation upon which Chippendale started out, but he was a man of keen and sympathetic make-up, hence his shifting from one style to another as they impressed him; it is extraordinary to see some of his large church organs surmounted by florid Rococo ornaments, with sometimes a touch of Chinese thrown in. But through all there was much of beauty in Chippendale's small work, in beauty and sweetness of line that even today is not surpassed, if equalled.

(To be continued.)

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Autos and Autoists

By JACK DENSHAM

The new Locomobiles seem to be doing business, and Sheriff Hammel's big type I is rambling cheerfully over the country, a terror to the evil-doer. In connection with this, here is one on me. I was in the Success Garage one day, when a hurry call came in for the sheriff's machine. I jumped in the front seat and started on the quickest ride from Pico and Hill streets to Temple street that ever was made. Of course, there is no speed limit for the sheriff's machine, and Bill Fryer twisted in and out of the traffic at a speed that would have taken my breath away, but there was no time for it as one good long breath would easily last from the time we left the garage till we pulled up in front of the sheriff's office. I had it in mind that Billy Hammel was going out to arrest somebody, and I saw a chance to go along and get a good story. When the genial Billy appeared, instead of settling down in the tonneau in a matter of course way, I stupidly asked the sheriff if he were going to make an arrest. He intimated that such an object was never farther from his thoughts, and I got out of the machine. I turned to watch Fryer's getaway up the hill and it was surely worth looking at. Biff, crrr, and the high speed was on and the old wagon shooting up the hill at about forty. Then I turned and saw Steve standing near lost in admiration of the fast disappearing rear view of the Loco. "Where's he going?" I asked, "Beyond Hollywood, somewhere." answered Steve, "to arrest a couple of hold-up men." Stung again! Left! Buncoed! Oh, miserere me! Next time I get such a chance I shall surely hide in the tonneau, or failing that, freeze to the differential.

The Hand-me-down Kid blew into the office the other day, just after mid-day. He wore the latest thing in cut-aways, had a real live bouquet in his button-hole, but had forgotten to shave. I argued with him on the subject, but he said that he was too lazy to shave himself and too poor to go to a barber, but were I to get some auto friend to take us out to the races, he would see to the admission. Let me explain here that the real name of the Kid is Bobbie Boyd, and I have appended this cognomen to him because he is ready-made for any emergency that comes along. That boy is there and with chimes, too. So I rang up old man Dodge at the Garage de Shettler, and asked what he was doing. Luckily he had nothing on, so he was easily persuaded to take us out in the 1908 Wayne. We left Second and Spring a few minutes after one o'clock. The H.M.D. Kid sat in the tonneau, and begged for ballast. "Turn down onto Main," he said, "and we shall find a friend to help me hold down the back part of this bronco." Just as we reached Main street the Santa Anita special was trundling by. We chased down to First street, but nary friend could we espy who would be pleased to cheat poor Mr. Huntington out of twenty-five cents. "That's just the way," complained the Kid, "If we had a full house there would be a bunch of knaves trying to butt in on the deck, but as we have a four flush we can't fill for tupenny triplets." All of which goes to show that the Kid is there with the "Langue du pavé." We left Main street in disgust and ambled gently out onto the boulevard. Why don't they have roads like that all over Southern California? I suppose it would cost something to do it, but not so awfully much after all, and it would soon come back on account of the tremendous advertisement it would give Southern California. Imagine it, riding through such a country as we have here, on either side of the road, fields touched with the gentle brush of our mid-winter spring, sloping back to the rolling hills that give way to the steeper slopes of the mountains and the deep generous blue of our one and only sky beyond. All this over a road that could not be smoother if it had been made by Julius Caesar. Unfortunately, there is only enough of this road to tickle the palate of the automobilist.

The Kid had business in Alhambra, which consisted of leaving a bundle of "Graphics" at the house of some distinguished friend. Thereafter we hit only the high places on the road. An extra hard bump caused my cap to leave my head and deposit itself on the road. Dodge said nothing, but the Kid intimated that I was a useless citizen. While I was recovering my head gear, a machine of antique pattern ambled carefully by us. When we started to overtake it, we found that the ancient tin pan had found a momentary gift of speed, and we had to do a little going to catch it. When we hove alongside, eventually, we were only just gaining on them. In front was another ancient, rambling along at an easy pace directly in the middle of the road, with just room enough for one machine to pass to port. It looked a trifle scary for a second, but I figured that we had an overlap and the other craft could not crowd us round the stake-boat, so I sat tight and said nothing. Not so the Kid, he flew up in the air when we hit a particularly hard bump and let out a yell that must have been heard over in the track paddock. Suddenly, Dodge's right foot went down on the accelerator and, before you could say "Teddy, quit grinning, your teeth are showing," we had flown past the old-timers and were out in a clear channel once more. Doc joshed me when we went in at the auto entrance. He wanted to know "Wot the 'ell a henglishman knows abart a 'orse," I was ready for him, and gently muttered "Tu quoque, Oh pedestre." Of course, those were not my real words, but there are times when one must euphemise in the presence of ladies. The first race was starting just as we permitted the fair sex in the boxes a sight of our manly forms as we strolled nonchalantly by. There was one of the most properly thrilling scenes I have ever run into. The crowds, the general tense feeling of excitement, the clear sky and sun-light all acted like many potations of fizz-water, and I hung over the railing and shouted with the loudest, although I did not even know the name of a single horse in the race.

After the first race the Kid took me in tow and steered me through the rock-strewn channels of the betting ring. Here I made a hit with my friends by knowing a whole lot of people there. "Look here," remarked the Kid, in high dudgeon, "You come to me with a talk about not being Thomas to the game and you're hip to half the wise guys on the sand pile, loosen up and put me wise." I explained that my acquaintance had been enlarged on the Rialto, and not on the turf, but, to this day, he thinks I am a ringer. We made no bet on the second race. We went on one side and counted up our united piles. I had $2.85, and the Kid confessed to $4.60. "We want the bookies to pay for our dinner," quoth the Kid, "And not take away any hard-earned silver that they may pay Milo M at the end of the week." How-

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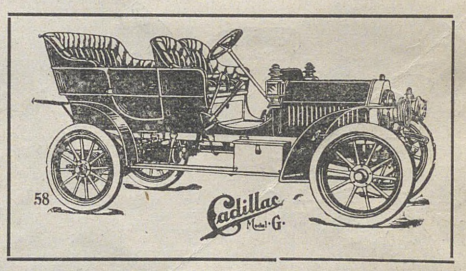

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Both Phones

ever, he began to cast lustful eyes on the price of one horse that the genial gentleman in the boxes thought could not run second to the extent of nine dollars to four. At this point in the proceedings I came in contact with a most delicious aroma coming from a corner where a gentleman in a white apron was handing out beef sandwiches as fast as he could take in dimes. "Me for the large and festive succulence" I whispered "Wait for me down by the southwest mooring buoy". He waited and I put my face round a very delicious sandwich and a glass of beer alternately. I was nearly through when the Kid pulled my coat tails and informed me that I had lost money by not being there, as he could have made a bet, but forebore to do so without my permission. "Perhaps, perhaps not" I replied and took great comfort when his selection was left at the post and waddled in a bad sixth.

Then the Kid became interested in a conversation with a horse-owner and I had nothing to do but look around me. Presently I was aware of a mighty presence approaching and I turned to hail good old Van with "Ahoy ship-mate". Van told me to put my little ante on a horse named Frank Flittner and I suggested to the Kid that we make a bet. He said "allright" and went on talking. In fact he talked until the horses had left the post, then he suddenly woke up and said "What Frank Flittner in this race? Why, he'll win in a walk, we ought to have made a bet". The blithesome Frank walked in as prophesied and I took the Kid on one side and told him that I believed him to be the most wretchedly sleepy race-track cicerone in the country. And a few other things not fit for publication. The next race we wagered our united contributions amounting to $2 on some wretched skate that had no right on the track. It came in fourth. (This denotes peevishness) It was then that I saw a side of the track that had not shown itself so far. An elongated person with yellow hair of the long and flowing description and eyes of the same color matching well with a pallid face, walked down to the rail by the judge's stand. As Lycurgus the jockey was walking away from the weighing-in room, this aforesaid individual shouted to him something about "Ought to be ruled off the track for life for pulling a horse like that." The race had been so obviously on its merits and the favorite at prohibitive odds had won so easily that I thought he was joshing until I heard him say that had lost five hundred on the race. The Kid informed me that he was a local business man, and somebody made a remark about leather goods being cheap pretty soon. I could not help feeling that a business man, even though he can easily afford to wager large sums of money on horse racing, does his bueinss but little good by airing his losses, and making such a childish exhibition of temper in a place where men lose real fortunes without a wink of the eye. Somehow the glamor of the whole thing dulled for me after that. I realized that most of the people were not out there for the mere enjoyment of the sport, and to have a jolly good afternoon in the open air, with a little excitement added, as I was. They were there to gamble against the surest and most undefeatable system in the world. They all hoped to make money by putting up theirs against a ring of expert mathematicians who juggled the odds in such a way that the percentage was bound to be in their favor. I remembered that in this same race the favorite was one to three, and the field even money. It is obvious that a fair price for the field would be three to one, and the next favorite long odds, say eights or tens. Poor, eager dope finders, what a fat chance you have to take away from this aggregation of worldly-wise financiers? The book makers' money is certainly earned by honest, hard work, however. George Rose, the best known and wealthiest of them all, works like a blacksmith. During all that three hours while the races are being run they must be on the alert every second, figuring like lightning, and changing the odds with every bet of more than average size. Yes, it is hard work, but the system behind that work is infallible.

Van asked Dodge if he could make a swift getaway for home, and the old man smiled and said something about the '08 Wayne. The Kid took the front seat and Van and I reposed in the tonneau. We left the Kid "chez lui" in Alhambra, and then darted on again. That little old car surely did ramble some. This is a good time to say something about the car. For a machine of its size and wheel base I consider it marvelously smooth running. Although we hit some bad bumps there was no jar, the tonneau swung up and down with a regular rocking-chair motion that was even pleasant. I don't blame the old man for being so enthusiastic. He has the goods with him. The rest of the run into town was without event, except that a man tried to back into us on North Spring street and I just pushed him away in time. For a second my heart was in my throat, it looked as though he must be killed. But Bacchus was looking after his own, and the leer he sent after us gave promise that the worst he would meet would be a night in the drunk cell. Out of the tonneau I jumped at Second and Spring after one of the most thoroughly enjoyable afternoons I have ever spent. Come again, Dodge, old boy, and thank you.

The two-cylinder '08 Rambler is here, with two novelties that must attract the attention and approbation of every purchaser of the lower priced machines. The engine is under the body, and if anything goes wrong, and you want to get at the working parts, instead of diving under the machine, you tell your passengers to vacate the tonneau, then you loosen up two thumb nuts and tip the

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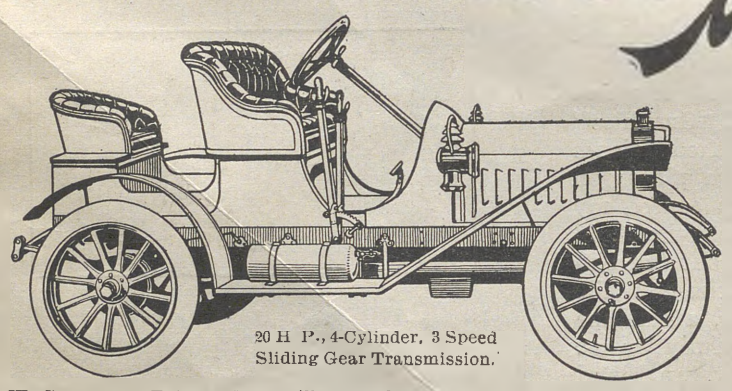

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LOCOMOBILE
1908

DEMONSTRATOR HAS ARRIVED

CARS FOR IMMEDIATE DELIVERY.

Success Automobile Co.
Corner Pico and Hill Sts.
E. E. CAISTER, Manager. Both Phones

front of the tonneau up until the engine is laid bare, in which position you secure it by means of a rod and catch. The entire mechanism is then easily reached from either side. In fact, the transmission may be inspected almost without bending. The other novelty is the position of the carburetter, which is placed under the hood at the left-hand corner, just in front of the dashboard. If you wish to get at the carburetter, you merely remove a little piece of floor board, and there you are. These two things are sufficient to name the '08 Rambler one of the most up-to-date cars of the new year. While we, that is, the Irrepressible Scribbler from the Herald and I, were looking at the car, along came Mr. Stewart, the Riverside agent for the Rambler. He was in a '08 four-cylinder car, and he kindly took us for a short ride around town. The car is a worthy relation of its two-cylinder sister, and is worth trying and buying.

Here is a good one, as told by Harry Harrison. Ed Maier was entering town in his six-cylinder Olds. The "Mile-a-minute Kid" was feeling fine and speedy. The detested cops strung onto his trail, and followed him down Pico street, all three going a tremendous speed. Maier rounded the corner into Main and sailed into the Harrison garage. The cops followed and jumped off their machines in great anger, only to find the genial Ed standing by his machine, with arms folded, in quiet conversation with some autoing stranger. "Who drove that car?" they demanded in accents wild. "Why, Harry Harrison," was the reply. "He always drives it, won't let anybody else touch the steering wheel." Then there was a search for H. O. H. But he was non est. Ed chuckled. He had visions of the unsuspecting Harry being haled to court and fined in his stead. Unfortunately he had not laid his plans with sufficient foresight. Harry proved an alibi, as he was out of town duck shooting at the time. Try again, Ed Maier.

George Crackel stood in front of the store and haled me in. Always my heart goes out to a man of business who greets the wayfaring scribbler, and gives him merry greeting and dope. George is one of those few hustlers who know how to smile all the time and never appear in a hurry. It is a great art, and accounts for much of the success of the local store of Geo. P. Moore & Company. "Come back here," said George; "I want you to meet a Liliputian think I have here." Arrived at the office, I had the shock of my life. I thought that the magnificent human being sitting there would never stop getting out of his chair. I suppressed an exclamation, and shook hands with Mr. Viera. He must be somewhere in the six foot sixes, and built with it. I felt like a little bumble puppy alngside of a great big mastiff. I carefully doubled my fingers in expectation of the grip that I felt coming, and was glad I did. George was fooled. He knew the strength of this genial giant, and his warm-hearted way of shaking hands. He thought I was going to get it. George, if you shook hands with as may people in a day as I do, you would be Peter to one or two tricks yourself. I mentally signed Mr. Viera for the Castaway scrum next season. Lord help the Stanford forwards if I do in reality.

Frank B. Long Piano. Unequalled in tone.

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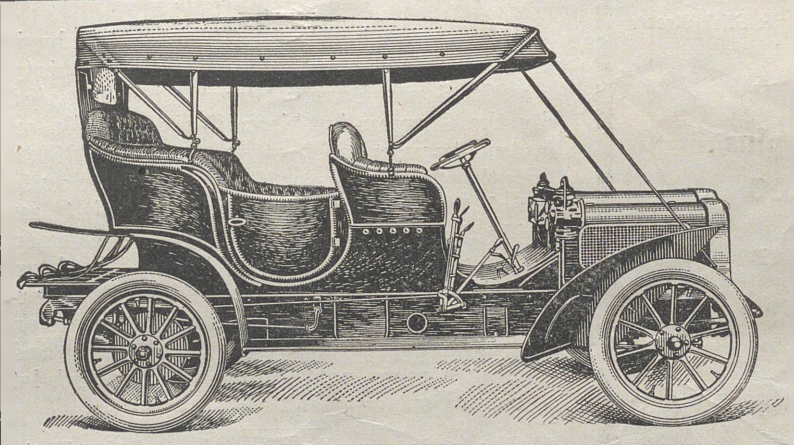

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7-SEATER, 6-CYLINDER NATIONAL FOR RENT

Financial

By ALBERT SEARL, OF THE CORNISH-SEARL SYNDICATE

With a holiday trade nearly as good as that of last year, which was a record breaker in volume, the business community professes to be convinced that the muck raking panic of 1907 is ended. And in anticipation of that patent fact, men of affairs continue to predict that money will be the cheapest article of commerce in the market from this time on.

In proof of this fact it is pointed out that in Wall street the January disbursements for interest will be larger than they were at the same time last year. Throughout the country the banks must at once get upon normal conditions if they are to continue fulfilling their ordinary functions. That is to say, earn money for their stockholders.

As I have written previously in this column, banking experts in this community now realize that artificial holidays, blown into life through the aid of legal oxygen, are not only a delusion and a snare, but in the end such things are likely to become an actual danger.

That the Goldfield situation is of direct interest to every man, woman and child in Los Angeles must be apparent to the dullest observer. That remarkably rich section now is a part and parcel of our local development, just as much as is the Yukon and Alaska mining section part of the development of Seattle. It therefore behooves all of us to do what is in our power to have law and order preserved throughout all of Southeastern Nevada. The recall of troops from that section was a mistake. Of that there is no doubt, and barring the politics involved, with which none of us disinterested have anything to do, it would have been much better had the regulars never been ordered there. Having been sent to the scene, their withdrawal is pretty certain to produce anarchy in some form or other. With the Goldfield mines working, Los Angeles is destined to become one of the wealthiest cities in the United States, if not in the world. The existing situation has only halted conditions temporarily.

If, as is being intimated, dividend payments upon several standard local securities are to be stopped, that fact is certain to give such issues a black eye, and the effect may not wear away for a long time. I hear that Union Oil, one of the best things in the local market, is to go lower, unless the dividend is increased. The stock has been so good in the past that nearly every bank of importance in the city holds it as collateral. The Edison issues are in a similar position, but not as much so, if the distinction can be understood.

If the recent panicky conditions will consolidate out about a dozen or more of alleged small fry banks in Los Angeles, that own to a name and a little office furniture as their principal capital, and nothing else in the shape of a real asset, the late flurry will not have been altogether without excellent results.

J. B. Coulston, President of the Colton National Bank, has bought $95,000 worth of Panama Canal bonds for use as a basis of currency for the Colton National, the Crown City National, of Pasadena, and the First National, of San Pedro.

Because her husband had made a bad business bargain in 1898 by renting the property at 233 South Spring Street, now occupied by the German-American Savings Bank, on a twenty-year lease at the rate of $250 a month, Mrs. Catherine Gollmer is seeking to break the lease on a technicality. Suit to set aside the sub-lease to the German-American Bank given by the Union Bank of Savings, as original lessee, has been filed in the superior court. Officials of the German-American Savings Bank intend to move to Fourth and Spring streets next month and to sub-let their present quarters.

The next annual convention of the State Bankers' Association will be held at Pasadena on May 14, 15 and 16. It is expected that at least 300 bankers will attend the convention.

The State Bank Commission has taken steps to wind up the affairs of the Occidental Trust & Savings Bank.

David Galbraith, first vice-president of the American Bank & Trust Co., of Pasadena, is dead, aged 76 years. Mr. Galbraith organized the pioneer bank of Pasadena, which subsequently became the First National.

Charles H. Toll and W. D. Woolwine have been added to the directorate of the Security Savings Bank.

Bonds

The City Council, of Pasadena, will call a bond election for late in January or early in February to vote upon a $50,000 issue for electric plant improvements.

The Burbank school district having withdrawn from the Glendale district, the trustees called a meeting for Friday evening, December 27, to take preliminary steps for calling an election to vote on bonds for a $75,000 school house.

No bids having been received for the school bonds ($25,000) of the South Pasadena district or for the bonds ($2,500) of the San Gabriel district, the Los Angeles county board of supervisors will again advertise the bonds.

Dillon & Hubbard have declined to certify to the validity of the bonds of the Newbert Irrigation district of Orange county.

The trustees of Ocean Park have adopted a report advising the expenditure of $25,000 for fire department purposes. A bond issue is planned.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK.
Wilcox Bldg., corner Second and Spring
Los Angeles, Cal.
Statement at close of Business, Dec. 3, 1907

RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts	$10,185,544.73
Bonds, Securities, Etc.	2,588,674.03
Clearing House Loan Certificates	87,000.00
Clearing House Scrip	69,264.00
Cash and Sight Exchange	4,190,900.94
TOTAL	$17,121,383.70

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock	$ 1,250,000.00
*Surplus and Undivided Profits	1,499,001.65
Circulation	1,242,100.00
Bonds Borrowed	145,000.00
Deposits	11,685,282.05
Other Liabilities	1,300,000.00
TOTAL	$17,121,383.70

***Additional Assets—One million five hundred thousand dollars. Invested in the stock of the Los Angeles Trust Company and the Metropolitan Bank and Trust Company, and held by the officers of the First National Bank as trustees, in the interest of the shareholders of that bank.**

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Foster's Magazine
Volume X DECEMBER, 1907 No. 4

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In the Literary World

An important addition to American biographical literature has been made in the two volumes which set forth the life and public services of "William Pitt Fessenden," by his son, Gen. Francis Fessenden (Houghton, Mifflin & Company). In the most critical conjuncture of American history the subject of this memoir held the position of United States Senator from Maine (1854-64); that of Secretary of the Treasury (1864-65); and again that of United States Senator (1865-69). The abilities and usefulness exhibited by him at Washington were so great that his colleagues in the Senate Chamber placed him in positions requiring intense assiduity in the preparation of measures and study of their subjects. To this work he gave all his energies and time, secluding himself from the public and the representatives of newspapers to such an extent that his personality was comparatively little known except to those who paid more than average attention to persons and affairs at Washington. There was nothing picturesque or sensational about him, and he did not become, like some of his contemporaries, a "popular figure." Representative Holman, when recalling the great men of his time, described Fessenden as almost the only man of his period who appeared to him the equal of Clay, Calhoun and the great orators and statesmen of the first half of the century. Mr. Hendricks of Indiana said that Mr. Fessenden was the ablest debater he had ever heard, for without preparation he could take up a measure and never miss a point. Reverdy Johnson, of Maryland, said: "That he had no superior as a debater; that his style was not ornate, but studiously simple; that his propositions were laid down in plain language and enforced with a masterly logic which, if it did not on all occasions convince, caused his opponents in debate the greatest difficulty. His great industry, his perfect mastery of his subjects and his clear elucidation of them were universally admired, and hardly ever failed of securing the adoption of his proposals." We observe finally that John R. French, who was sergeant-at-arms of the Senate during the period of the civil war and reconstruction, says in his account of those times: "By general consent William Pitt Fessenden was placed at the head of the galaxy of the great men of that period."

The publication of a new translation from the German by Mrs. A. L. Wister brings to mind the circumstances connected with her first appearance as a translator. One day, some forty years ago, Mrs. Wister was shown into the office of the late Mr. J. B. Lippincott, founder of the present J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, and laid a package on his desk, saying, "Mr. Lippincott, here is a book I have translated from the German. I want $100 for a special object, and would like to receive that amount." The story was "The Old Mam'selle's Secret," and only 1500 copies were printed from type. Its success was instantaneous, and the first edition was sold within a few weeks. This was the beginning of a relationship, profitable to both parties, extending to the present time, during which period the house of J. B. Lippincott Company has issued more than thirty translations from her pen. However, the publication of "The Lonely House," Mrs. Wister's latest novel from the German, marks the close of a long and successful career as a translator, for in her dedication to this volume, she writes: "I take pleasure in inscribing this translation—the last I shall ever complete—to the children and grandchildren of those who so kindly welcomed the first, published a life-time ago."

Twenty years ago a famous work on "Solar Heat" was produced by Professor Bernard Mouchot. This clever old gentleman has just been discovered starving in Paris, eighty-two years of age, and on the point of being turned out of a poverty-stricken home for non-payment of rent. At the age of seventy-five he married a young woman, who subsequently passed off a relative as the professor in order that, after his death, the younger man could continue to draw his pension. Unhappily, the impostor went first, and as Bernard Mouchot was supposed to have died, the pension ceased. The professor could not claim the pension without exposing the fraud of his wife; hence his present plight.

Houghton Mifflin & Co. have just published "The Memoirs of Monsieur Claude," which has been translated from the French by Katherine Prescott Wormeley. Monsieur Claude was one of the most famous of French prefects of police. His creed was that the police should be the faithful servants of those in power, whatever the form, whether Bourbons, Bonapartists or Republicans. He was in the entire confidence of Napolean III. and this work gives much new and valuable information on the reign of him whom Hugo called "Napoleon the Little."

Sir Gilbert Parker's latest novel, "The Weavers," has been the special object of comment abroad, every English reviewer having traced the principal characters to real prototypes, despite the forewarning of the author that no prototype existed. The young hero, David, crusading for Egypt, is identified with General Gordon; the genial old statesman Windlehurst with Lord Beaconsfield, the aspiring young Eglington with both Lord Randolph Churchill and his son Winston. The hero of Gertrude Atherton's "Ancestors" is a young Englishman, surpassingly able, whom the London press has pointed out as also bearing a marked resemblance to Winston Churchill. If the book is prophetic, says the "Daily Chronicle" he may find himself one day boss of San Francisco and later on President of the United States. The two types in the two novels are so different that if they are both cut from the pattern of Mr. Churchill, it is evident that Sir Gilbert Parker and Mrs. Atherton have distinct opinions of his personality.

Frank B. Long Piano. Unequelled in tone.

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Elysian Park—Take Garvanza Line or Griffin Avenue Line on Main St.
Hollenbeck Park—Take East First or Euclid Avenue Line.
South Park—Take San Pedro St. Line.
Chutes Park—Take Main st. Line or Grand Avenue Line
Band Concerts—Eastlake Park every Sunday afternoon at 2:30.

SEEING LOS ANGELES OBSERVATION CARS provide a quick but thorough means of gaining specific knowledge of the city and its surroundings. One by one places of interest are pointed out with terse, comprehensive historical data by guides, who are specially skilled and abundantly informed. THESE OBSERVATION CARS wind through the business thoroughfares, the residential sections, penetrate the oil districts, stop for fifteen minutes at the Indian Village, give you a passing view of Chinatown and around the Parks of the City of today and the Sonora Towns of a century and a half ago, when the Spanish and the Mexicans were the only settlers. To ride upon one of these cars is to receive two hours of interesting and profitable entertainment.

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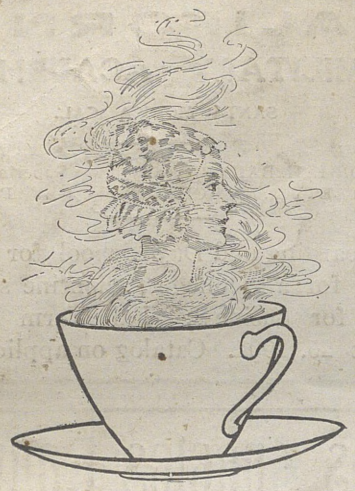
NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
Timber Land, Act June 3, 1878.
UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE,
Los Angeles, California,
September 10, 1907.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," Jennie A. Bristol of Sherman, County of Los Angeles, State of California, has this day filed in this office her sworn statement No.——, for the purchase of the E. ½ of S.E. ¼ S.W. ¼ of S.E. ¼ of Section No. 26, in Township No. 1 S., Range No. 19 W., S.B.M., and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish her claim to said land before the Register and Receiver of this office at Los Angeles, Cal., on Monday the 23rd day of December, 1907.

She names as witnesses: Albert M. Montgomery of Santa Monica, Cal., Marion Decker, Charles M. Decker, James A. Decker, all of Los Angeles, Cal.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 23rd day of December, 1907.

FRANK C. PRESCOTT, Register.
Oct.19-10t—Date of first publication Oct.19-07.



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Los Angeles

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MONROVIA PRESERVING CO.
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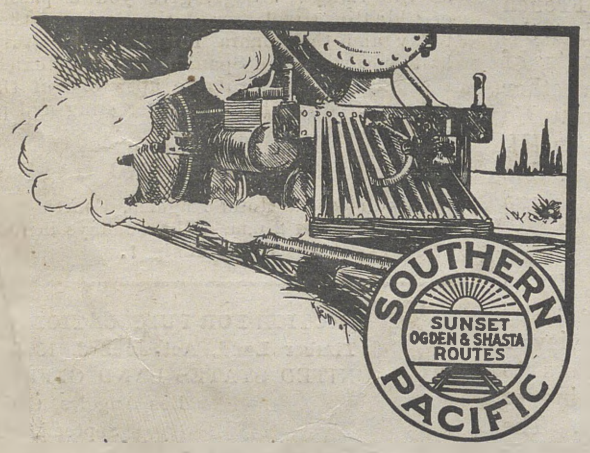

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